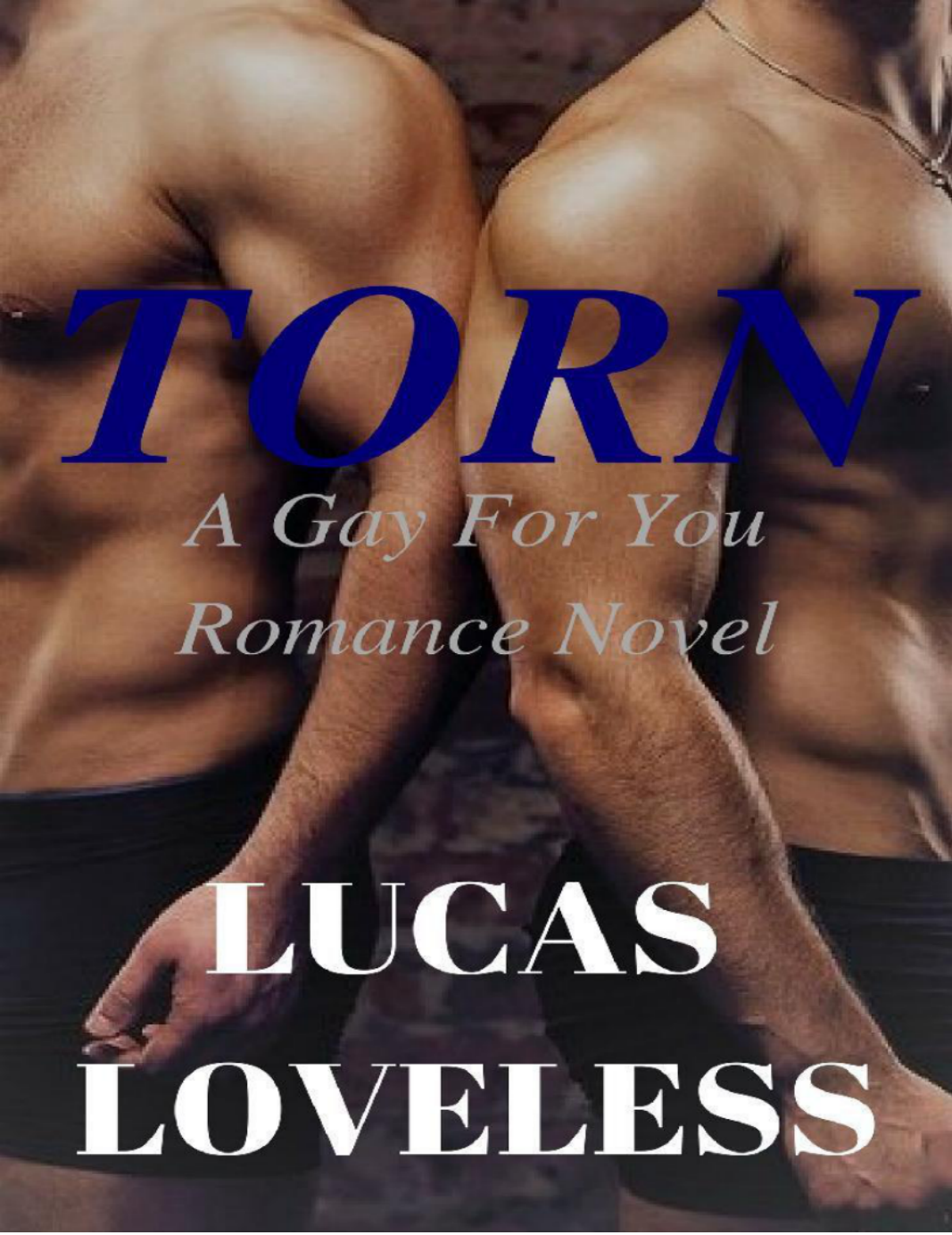
TORN
A Gay For You
Romance Novel
LUCAS
LOVELESS

TORN: A GAY FOR YOU ROMANCE NOVEL

Lucas Loveless

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PRONOUN

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If you like this book be sure to check out my other Gay For You Romance Novel, ***Playing to Win.***

CHAPTER ONE

~

BEAU

I can't do this. I can't do this! The thought keeps racing through my mind as I stand inside the elevator. The creaky old elevator climbs to the ninth and top floor of this old apartment building. *I should turn around and go back home*.

I'm a small-town guy, 24 years old, and I've never lived anywhere else except Broken Arrow, Texas. And now? I'm taking the risk of my life and moving to New York City to chase my stupid little dream of becoming a professional pianist. Music, the one thing I've loved so deeply my whole life, but do I love it enough to trade the open country fields of Texas for the concrete jungle?

I can't do this! I think it again and again as my stomach drops. I've always been a nervous kind of person, anxious and scared of the unknown. And now I'm surrounded by it.

But the elevator keeps climbing onward and upward with a screech that reminds me of an old, worn out violin.

My stomach drops when the elevator doors open, but I force myself out into the narrow hallway. I look left and right. *Their* door is to the left at the end of the hall. I gulp and walk forward.

Apartment 9A, the apartment of the two men I never thought I'd see again, the two I almost *hoped* I'd never see again. "Damn it," I whisper to myself. "I bet Marty didn't even tell them I was coming." I take a deep breath, and I knock on the door.

I wait.

There's no answer.

I knock again, trying not to be too loud because I don't want to offend anyone.

And again, there's no answer.

I call my brother. He's older than me by five years, a party boy who was always way more outgoing than I ever was. "Marty, hello? Yeah, I'm here. I think. 9A, right? I thought you said this was their apartment."

"It *is* their apartment," Marty says back. In the background I can hear a girl's voice, probably someone he ended up in bed with. "Beau, I promise you're at the right place. You called me only two minutes ago."

I hang my head. My stomach twists and turns with nerves. "I know, Marty."

“Beau, it’s okay,” he says. “Why are you so afraid of them? It’s not like this is the first time you’ve met Kade or Lucan. Just use the key they gave Mom. Go in.”

I dig into my pocket and retrieve a rusted key my mother gave me before I left Texas. It’s the key that *they* had given her, telling her that if she ever wound up in New York she’d have a place to stay with them. “Marty, are you sure about this? What if they think I’m breaking in?”

“Relax, Beau. They know you, and they owe Mom on this one, so just go inside. I’m sure they’ll be home eventually. You know how Kade and Lucan are. They’re probably out getting pussy as we speak.”

I roll my eyes, and I cringe a little when I hear the word “pussy.” “Marty, I’m nervous. Kade and Lucan are boxers. They could destroy me.”

“Dude, Kade and Lucan are friends of ours. They’ll understand if you just go in.”

Friends of ours, I think. If only my brother knew just how good of “friends” I was with Kade and Lucan. If only he knew the little secrets I kept between the two of them, what I did with each of them so long ago… They were two of my brother’s best friends, and he doesn’t know I had one night with each of them!

“Alright, Marty. I’m trusting you on this one.”

“You’ll be fine, Beau. You’re in New York, you bastard! Just enjoy it.”

I shove my phone in my jeans. “Damn it. I’m gonna get killed.” Taking a deep breath, I shakily put the key into the lock and turn it.

Inside, I carry my duffel bag into the old apartment. It’s dark. “Hello?” But of course, there’s no answer. I turn on the light and ready myself to see the destruction that is an apartment shared by two straight guys. Lucan and Kade must be 27 now. So, I figure the apartment of two guys in their late twenties will still be an absolute wreck.

“Wow,” I say, impressed. Because instead of it being a complete wreck, the apartment is well kept and clean: dishes cleaned and put away, no clutter, no empty beer bottles… I expected a messy style frat house.

I make it into the living area just before the couch. As I set my duffel bag on the floor, I hear a door open from the small hallway

behind me.

A broad shouldered, tanned and tall brute comes out of the bathroom with nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. He has dark hair, wet from a shower, and it matches the dark hair on his chest and stomach. He takes one look at me and goes into attack mode. “Who the fuck!”

“Wait!” I throw my hands up in surrender, but I’m too late.

He grabs me by my shoulders and drags me backward until he pins me against the living room wall. “Breaking into my apartment, little twerp?”

His voice is deep, rough and loud, commanding like the booming sound of a brass horn. His eyes are fierce. They’re hazel, and they’re searing into my soul as his lips curl and nostrils flare with defensive rage. I know this guy; I just never thought I’d be this terrified of him. “Kade, stop! It’s me! Beau!”

He pauses, still gripping me tight and pinning me up against the wall. I can smell the scent of body soap on his skin. And fuck, the way his large body pins mine makes me start to ache in between my legs. At the same time my heart pounds out of nervous terror, my blood starts to pump with an excited sense of arousal.

For a second, my mind flashes back. I remember Kade’s hazel eyes looking into mine. He was on top of me. I was holding onto his warm, naked body. We were younger then, clumsier, and stupid, but we wanted one another so badly. It was one-time thing we never told anyone about.

“Holy shit,” Kade says under his breath. “Beau?”

KADE

Haven’t seen this little twerp in years, not since his mother took me and Lucan in when we were teenagers. And now I’ve got him pinned to my living room wall like a rag doll I could throw around and tear to shreds.

Finally, I recognize those dark brown eyes he has tucked under his long eyelashes. And his lips curl at the corners; I remember that, and I remember the little freckles he has on his cheeks. I’ve never thought of another guy as “cute,” but damn it Beau is still fucking adorable.

I let him go and take a step back. “Beau, what the fuck? I uh, I thought you were uh…”

“Breaking in?” he asks as he rubs his shoulders.

“Yeah.” I lower my head, embarrassed. When I catch him looking at me with those eyes, my heart starts to beat a little faster like it always did when he looked at me. I don’t like the feeling, so I scowl and pretend all I feel is anger. “What the fuck are you doing in New York? And how did you get in my apartment?”

He digs a single, brown and rusted key from his pocket. “With this.”

I freeze. I haven’t seen that key in years, not since me and Lucan sent it back to his mother after we ran away from her home in Texas. I always thought we should’ve thrown the damn key away and bury the past, but something in us made us hold onto it. “So why are you here then?” I growl.

“Well, I uh… How do I say this?”

He makes me laugh. “Damn it, Beau. Just spit it out. You were always too, shy.”

He blushes, and he looks at the ground and smiles. He runs his fingers through his black, wavy hair, and it’s these kinds of small movements that make me want to take him to my bed and have my way with him.

“Beau?” I ask. I step a little closer to him. “Why are you in New York?” He’s making my testosterone pump harder in my veins, the way he seems nervous and afraid of me.

“I’m auditioning for Julliard.”

I get a little closer to him. “Julliard, huh? Still playing the piano?”

He bites his lip. “Yeah.”

I feel powerful over him, and at the same time powerless to him. He makes my body rev. “So, why are you in my apartment?”

He backs away from me, but I see his eyes. He stares at my bare chest, and he looks down at my bare stomach, and then lower. It reminds me of the night years ago when I had him pinned down in his bed… fucking him.

I’m getting hard. I can’t help it around Beau. He’s the only guy that makes a straight jerk like me become aroused. “Beau, why are you in my apartment?”

He tries to resist me as his back touches the wall. “Kade, go put some clothes on.”

“Thought you’d stop by for a little more?”

“A little more what?”

“Of what we did last time we met?”

“Fuck,” he whispers.

I’m standing right before him, so close and ready to lay my hands on him. “You still remember, right?”

“Yes,” he whimpers. His eyes are half closed. He’s breathing fast. His blood is racing like mine.

I press against him and make him feel my erect cock against his leg. “I’ll never forget that night, Beau. It’s still the best fuck I’ve ever-”

The front door opens.

“Shit,” I mutter. I turn away fast and hide my hard dick from view. “Lucan, that you?”

Beau looks towards the front door. He bites his lip again, and I can see the hunger in his eyes as he looks at my roommate, the same hunger he looked at me with.

I turn my head, careful not to show my hard cock. I see Lucan at the door. “Lucan, look who’s here. The little twerp.”

Lucan wears nothing but gym shorts. His shirt is slung over his shoulder on top of the strap of his gym bag. Sweaty and quiet, he looks at Beau like he’s looking at a ghost.

LUCAN

When Beau looks at me, I can’t speak. It’s as if I’ve completely lost my ability to form words and use my voice. But I’ve never been good at conversation. I’m a quiet type. A serious, quiet type, the kind of man that stays in the background and watches others. Because I trust no one, and I don’t need anyone to trust me.

But Beau… he was the one person who got past my guard so long ago.

I close the door and walk forward. I’m about to run to my bedroom and pretend Beau isn’t there because of the way he makes me feel. I’m terrified my heart will beat out of my chest.

“Lucan, where the fuck are you going?” Kade growls.

“Kade,” Beau chides him. “Be nice.”

I turn around. I ignore Kade and his usual asshole behavior, but Beau is harder to ignore. I haven’t seen him in years, and he’s grown into his looks. He’s dangerously handsome now, making my stomach flutter. When I look at his lips, I know what they’re capable of. When I look at his eyes, I know how beautiful they are when they ignite with passion.

“Lucan?” Kade cocks his head and studies me. “Are you having a stroke? Say hi to Beau.”

I barely look at Beau. “Uh, hi Beau.”

Kade raises one eyebrow. “Why are you acting so weird?”

Because the only man I’ve ever had sex with, great sex, is now standing in my apartment, I think. “Nothing, no reason.”

Kade turns to Beau. “And why are you in our apartment, Beau? You never answered my question.”

Beau looks back and forth between us. He’s nervous, almost shaking. “I need a place to stay while I audition for Julliard.”

“No!” I’m fast to say.

Kade and Beau both look at me, a little stunned at my outburst. “No?” Kade asks.

I try to slow my breathing, pretend not to be so nervous. “No, I’m sorry. But we can’t let you.”

“Why not?” Beau asks. “I won’t be any trouble. I promise. And I can sleep on the couch. It’s only for a few weeks.”

“A few weeks?” Kade asks. “Beau, I’m with Lucan on this one. You can’t stay that long.”

“I’ll pay rent,” Beau offers.

“No,” I say.

Beau grunts. “Ugh, I didn’t want to have to bring this up.”

“Bring what up?” Kade asks carefully.

Beau lowers his voice. “The favor that you owe my mom.” He shows us the key we sent his mother years ago.

My stomach drops, and from the frown I see on Kade’s face I can tell he’s nervous, too. We look at one another, and then back at Beau.

Kade and I both know that we owe his mother favors. We’re in debt to his mother till the day we die because of what she did for us. When Kade and I were 13, we ran away from the foster home we were staying in down in Texas. After living on the streets for a month, we broke into Beau’s mother’s house. She was a single mom with two boys of her own, but still, she lied to the police and said she was taking care of us because she knew how much we needed help. She gave us a home for years, but when Kade and I were 17, we couldn’t stay any longer. We were restless and rebellious, and we both knew Beau’s mother was too good of a woman to put up with us, so we ran away, all the way to New York. We got this apartment, and we mailed

back a copy of the key to Beau's mother with a letter that said if she ever needed a favor or a place to stay we were here.

A few years later, when we were 21 and Beau was 18, we went back to Texas, just to visit. His mother told us we didn't owe her anything, but we insisted. She kept the key. And while we were down there, I caught myself falling for Beau in a way I never thought I would. But that was a long time ago, and what Beau and I had is over… at least I think…

Now, it looks like her son, a man I've slept with, is calling in that favor.

Kade gets closer to him, his shoulders raised in defense. "Do you really wanna hold that against us, little twerp? We owe your mom the favor, not you."

My defensive instincts kick in. I grab Kade's shoulder and pull him back. "Kade, back off him."

"This little twerp is blackmailing us!"

Beau stands his ground, but I can see his hands trembling in fear.

"It's not blackmail," I tell Kade. "We said we'd pay his mom back, remember? After everything she did for us, Kade? We owe her. If she wants us to take care of Beau, then we'll take care of him."

Kade's nostrils flare. He wants to beat me up and then pommel Beau into the floor. His chest swells, and he takes a hard, fast breath. He looks at Beau. "A few weeks?"

Beau nods.

"Fuck," Kade grumbles. "Fine." He yanks off his towel and lets his dick hang for Beau and I to see. "Welcome to the fucking apartment, twerp." He throws his towel at Beau.

I catch Beau staring at Kade's ass as the dumb brute storms off down the hallway. Beau bites his lip; he practically drools.

My fist clenches in a sickening twinge of jealousy. "Stop staring, Beau. Or your face is gonna stay like that." I grab my bag, and I'm about to head towards my bedroom on the other end of the hall from Kade's.

"Thank you," Beau says.

I turn around and look at Beau. I shouldn't have done it, because now I'm stuck staring at his pretty face. "For what?"

Beau approaches me, but he keeps distance. "Standing up for me, and making sure Kade didn't beat my face in."

“Yeah, well…” I look down like a bashful kid. “Your face is too pretty to get hurt.” I catch him smiling, and it makes me smile a little, but I fight it. I don’t like to show too much emotion. I lower my voice. “Beau, does anyone know about, you know, what we did? The last time I was down in Texas, with you?”

Beau loses the smile fast. His eyes dart away from me. “Uh…”

I get closer to him, getting defensive and angry. “Beau, tell me the truth right now,” I growl. “Does anyone know?”

“No.” He looks me in the eyes. “No, Lucan. What happened has stayed between you and me. I promise.”

I wait a moment, seeing if he’ll crack under the pressure. But he doesn’t, and I sigh in relief. “Good.” I look down again. “Because that was just a one-time thing. I’m not gay.”

Beau scoffs. “Okay, of course.”

“I mean it. It was a one-time thing, Beau. So don’t try anything while you’re staying with us.”

He folds his arms. His pretty brown eye squint at me. “Is that why you didn’t want me to stay with you guys? Because you’re afraid I can’t control myself, and I’m going to try and sleep with you?”

The way he looks at me has me fumbling for words again. “No, that’s not… I mean, uh… Damn it.” He’s got me tongue tied, and I hate this feeling. It’s why I keep my mouth shut most of the time. “Whatever, I need to shower.” So, I turn away from his pretty face and get away fast before I’m tempted for him all over again.

BEAU

I can’t help but stare at Lucan as he walks away to his bedroom. Even through his gym shorts it’s easy to see the shape of his firm butt, and damn it, his body makes my mouth water like Kade’s does.

Two hot boxers sharing an apartment, and now I’m in the mix. And neither one of these brooding studs knows that they’ve *both* had me once, when they came back to Texas to visit, making my 18th summer one hell of a time. But that was long time ago, right? Those old flames of temptation are out, right?

I grab my duffel bag and throw it on the couch. I lay down and take a deep breath. Something feels different – I can almost hear the low notes of a starting symphony. That’s where I’m at now, at the beginning of a song. Something tells me that staying with Kade and Lucan is going to change my life forever.

CHAPTER TWO

~

BEAU

I wake up after the first night on their leather couch. They were nice enough to throw blankets and pillows at me, so my almost naked body is covered and warm. I wake up to the sounds of the city below, outside where the horns honk constantly on the street. I wake up with a morning erection, instantly thinking about Kade and Lucan.

Kade and Lucan – they have abs for days, butts you could bounce a quarter off of, and pecs with nipples I wanted to bite… how could I not be aroused as I lay there on their couch? Everything is quiet, so I think I might have time to relieve some stress.

I dip my hand under the waistline of my jeans. I grip the base of my rigid cock and whimper a little, pretending it's Kade taking control of my manhood. I rub my chest and pinch my nipple, pretending it's Lucan toying and biting me. I start writhing against the couch, craving their touch so bad that I think I might come inside my jeans.

I take out my cock and stroke myself, silent and slow. I'm oozing precome at the thought of sleeping with them again. "No, stop it," I whisper. "It can't happen." But my eyes shut, and my imagination gets overrun with thoughts of Kade and Lucan having their way with my body.

My asshole puckers, aching for some attention. I dip my hand low in between my legs until my middle finger slides against it. I do a circle against my rim and whimper, wishing it was a hot and firm tongue giving me the attention I need.

"Yes," I whisper, eyes shut, getting ready to come. "Fuck."

I hear a bedroom door fly open.

Quick, I yank everything back into my jeans, but I'm too hard to zip them up. I lay still under the covers and pretend that I was just sleeping. When I open my eyes, I see Kade standing behind the couch.

Kade smiles down at me. "Don't try and hide what you were doing, you little perv." He grabs the blanket and yanks it down.

The top half of my hard cock sticks out from jeans. I put one hand over it. My face is hot and red. "Hey, fuck you!"

Kade grins. "From the look of your cock, Beau, I think you'd like to *fuck* me."

I roll over fast and away from him, so fast that I fall off that couch. "Damn it."

He laughs hardily and walks away into the kitchen. "Get up, little

twerp. It's time for breakfast."

I get to my feet. When I stand up and can see over the couch, I see that Kade is completely naked. His firm butt stares back at me while he digs through the kitchen cabinets for ingredients. *Damn*, I think. *This isn't going to help my erection.*

He turns around to me, not embarrassed one bit that his thick manhood is dangling for my hungry eyes. He grins. "What are you staring at, Beau? Come on. Come help me make breakfast."

When I can't get my feet to move, he walks over to me, his cock swaying left and right like a beautiful pendulum. "Get your ass in the kitchen, twerp!" He throws me into the kitchen. "Start cracking eggs. I want French toast."

Nervous and excited, I take an egg into my hand. I'm about to crack it, when Lucan walks into the kitchen. Like Kade, Lucan is completely naked. I miss the pan completely and crack the egg on the side of the stove. "Damn it!"

Kade grunts. "Ugh, Beau get it together."

I fumble to pick up the broken egg and scoop it into the trash. "Sorry," I say nervously. "Are you both just gonna, walk around, without clothes?"

Kade grins. He stands next to Lucan and rests his arm on Lucan's shoulder. "Is that gonna bother you?"

Lucan looks down, a little embarrassed, but he doesn't bother to cover anything up. His beautiful cock hangs like Kade's for my eyes to feast on. I can't help but take nervous glances at their manhood, and I see a mischievous smile break across both their faces as they watch me melt.

"Like what you see, Beau?" Lucan asks. He's a lot quieter about it than Kade is.

Kade, the bastard he is, revels in teasing me. "Looks like he does. I caught him jacking off this morning, probably thinking about our dicks, man."

"Shut up!" I say fast.

Kade laughs. "Calm down, princess." He approaches me. "So, this is how things are going to work around here, Beau. If you're going to stay, you're gonna follow the rules, understand?"

"Rules?" I gulp. "What rules?"

Behind Kade, Lucan folds his arms, keeping his eyes on me. He

bites his lip and smiles because he knows what Kade is about to do.

"For one," Kade starts, "if we're not wearing clothes, *you* are not wearing clothes. So take all of that off."

My face turns hot and red. "No way!"

Kade faces Lucan, and Lucan smiles back at him, not saying a word.

"Lucan?" I ask, thinking he'll be the nicer one about this. "Is he serious?"

Lucan nods. "Afraid so, man. Gotta strip for us."

I look back and forth between them. I'm angry, but I'm also aroused, terrified that they'll see my hardened excitement when I take off my jeans.

Kade groans. "Come on, already!" He grabs my jeans and unbuttons them.

"Hey!" I fight his hands, but not nearly as much as I could because I secretly want him to win.

He unzips them, then he yanks them down. I have no choice but to hold onto his muscular arms as he pulls my jeans down to my knees. My hard cock springs out, pointing upward. Kade smiles at it. "Look at that. Hard for us, huh, Beau?" He turns to Lucan. "Lucan, help me get them off."

Lucan walks around and behind me. He kneels and slides my jeans down to my ankles. "Come on, Beau," he says gently. "Step out of them. We won't have it any other way."

Nervous, aroused, I step out of my jeans and Lucan tosses them aside.

Kade grins at me. "Good, now let's start breakfast."

They get me back at the counter, and I shakily start to crack some eggs onto the skillet. "You gotta be kidding me," I mumble. "You guys are really going to make me make breakfast completely naked?"

Kade stands behind me. "Well, we're naked, aren't we? It's just one of the rules."

"And who came up with these rules?"

Lucan goes to the fridge and opens it. I catch a glimpse of his perfect ass as he bends over for the milk. "They're frat rules, Beau." He comes to stand on the other side of me and pours some milk onto the skillet for the eggs. "It's initiation. We went through the same stuff when we tried college for a year."

“You guys tried college?” I almost laugh at them.

“Hey, shut up, twerp,” Kade barks. “Just because we’re not smart like you doesn’t mean we can’t try.”

“Sorry.” I lower my head. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

Lucan nudges me. “Don’t apologize to him, Beau. He’s just fucking with you.”

Kade laughs. “Relax, Beau. You’ll get used to it. And you’ll get used to seeing our dicks, too.” He slaps me on the butt, making me jolt forward a little.

My hard dick presses against the oven. “Ouch!”

“Better try and calm that dick down,” Kade tells me as he goes to the fridge to get orange juice. “Gonna be really difficult for you to live here if you’re hard all the time.”

My face is hot and red, but I keep quiet as I start scrambling eggs for the three of us. It hasn’t even been twenty-four hours since I stepped foot into these two maniacs’ apartment, and already I feel like I’ve gotten more than I bargained for.

~

When breakfast is made, we sit around the small kitchen table, all of us still naked. Lucan and Kade have no trouble filling their plates and chowing down. Me, on the other hand – I get small portions on my plate and eat carefully, afraid of making a wrong move.

“Go ahead and eat,” Kade tells me.

Lucan taps my foot with his and winks at me. He speaks softer than Kade. “These eggs are good, Beau.”

I bite my lip, smiling back at him. “Uh, thanks?” It wouldn’t be as awkward if we both weren’t naked at the breakfast table.

Kade rolls his eyes. “Ugh, don’t get all gay on me guys.”

I sit up straight and raise my voice. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Kade groans as he loads his mouth with more eggs. “Calm down.”

I narrow my eyes at him. “So, do you guys eat naked together all the time?”

Kade and Lucan look at one another. Kade chews slowly. Lucan

shrugs and answers for both, “I guess we do a lot. It’s just us guys.”

“I don’t know.” I run my fork along my plate and stare down at it, pondering on what to say to get under Kade’s skin. “Sounds kinda gay to me.”

Kade scowls. “Well, well, look who bites back.”

Even I have to admit, I don’t know what’s come over me. I feel a kind of fire inside me when I talk back to Kade, but immediately I retreat into my shyness and keep my eyes down.

“Anyway,” Kade says, “Shut up, Beau. No one asked you.”

“And now you’re making me get naked with you?” I ask. Eyes down, I keep talking, daring to poke the hornet’s nest a little more. “And both of you know how much I love dick, so…” When I look up, I catch Kade getting red in the face with anger and Lucan trying to hide his smile of amusement. “If I didn’t know any better I’d say you both kinda like dick, too.”

Kade makes a fist with his left hand. He grabs his glass of orange juice and raises it to his lips slowly. “Shut up, Beau. We’re done talking about this.”

Satisfied, I start taking bigger bites of food. I lean forward on the table, and my small victory even has my cock twitching under the table. “Just saying,” I say under my breath. I raise my eyes. Kade, embarrassed, looks down, but Lucan – Lucan is staring back at me, and for a second his eyes wander up and down what he can see of my naked body. From the gleam in his eye, I know he likes what he sees.

Damn it, I think as I look back at him. *He’s going to make me hard again.*

“Alright, enough chit chat.” Kade, finished with his food, pushes his plate forward. He sits back in his seat and looks right into my eyes with a stern stare. “It’s time to lay down the rest of the rules for living here, Beau.”

I clench my teeth. Kade makes me nervous, and I want to slap the dominant attitude out of him at the same time I want him to take me to bed and show me just how dominant he is. “Alright.” I sit up straight, ready to take it. “What are the rules?”

“First,” Kade begins, “no sex in the common areas. This includes the kitchen, the bathroom and the living room. Got it?”

I look back and forth between them, a little surprised. “Really? Neither of you guys have hooked up in those spots?”

"No," Lucan answers gently. "It's about respect, Beau." He licks his lips. Something tells me he might be thinking about breaking that rule with me, though.

"Second," Kade continues. "If Lucan or I are banging women in our bedrooms, don't knock. And I mean that, Beau. If you cock-block either of us, even once, you're out on the streets."

"How am I supposed to know if you're having sex?" I ask.

Kade smirks at me. Lucan looks down, a little shy. "Trust us," Lucan says, "you'll know, Beau. We're both, uh, kinda loud."

Trust me, I think. *I already know.* I almost start to daydream about the nights I hooked up with these two studs, but I keep my mind from my wandering, and fight like to hell to keep my cock from swelling.

"Third," Kade continues. "Chores are divided up between the three of us. So if you're gonna live here, you have to keep the place the way we like it, understand?"

"Oh, I'm a really clean person," I say fast. "No problem there."

Kade grins. "Judging from your 'bedhead' hair, twerp, we'll have to wait and see."

I reach up and start combing my fingers through the waves of my hair. "What are you talking about? Is my hair messed up?" I catch them both smiling at one another and then laughing. Embarrassed, I put my hands back down. "I mean, whatever, shut up!"

"He's just trying to get to you," Lucan says. He rubs my shoulder and winks. "Your hair looks fine, Beau."

Kade is fast to knock away Lucan's hand from my body. "Don't baby him, man! Hands off." He looks back at me. "Anyway, chores are divided, Beau. Next rule – rent is due at the end of the month and you better contribute a third."

"A third?" I ask. "For sleeping on the couch?"

"Yeah," Kade growls at me. "A third for showing up unannounced and blackmailing us into taking you in. If you got a problem with it, the door's right there."

"Lucan?" I ask, hoping the nicer of the two will come to my aid.

Lucan shakes his head. "Sorry, man. You gotta contribute."

I groan. "Ugh, fine. What else?"

Kade leans back in his chair with a satisfied smile. "The final rule – you have to suck our cocks whenever we want you to."

I freeze. I stare back at Kade and almost crumble underneath his

stern gaze. I gulp, my mouth suddenly watering out of my control. I look at Lucan. Lucan seems just as surprised as I am, eyebrows lowered, looking back and forth between me and Kade. “Are you serious?” I ask.

Kade smiles. He speaks low and slow. “Absolutely, Beau. If we come home from the gym, and we need some relief, you have to get on your knees, and you have to use that pretty little mouth of yours to satisfy our thick, hard cocks.”

My fingers curl onto the table.

Son of a bitch, I think of Kade. He has my cock swelling in between my legs, making me shift uncomfortably in my seat. My whole body starts to feel warmer.

“Right Lucan?” Kade asks.

We look at Lucan.

Lucan gulps. He seems almost as nervous as I am. His face turns a shade of pink. Even the color of his chest starts to brighten as he fidgets in embarrassment. “Uh, I don’t uh, yeah, I mean…” He leans forward on the table and looks down.

Kade stares at him. He raises an eyebrow. “Dude, what’s your problem? I’m kidding.” He leans his head to the side and looks at Lucan under the table. “Holy shit.”

Lucan punches Kade in the shoulder. “The fuck are you looking at, man?”

“Your hard dick, Lucan.” Kade wears an expression of disgust as he leans away from Lucan. “Damn, dude. I was just kidding. You’re actually getting hard thinking about another guy sucking your cock?” He looks away. “Gross,” he says, forcing his disgust a little too obviously.

“No I’m not,” Lucan says fast. He looks at me nervously. “I’m just, thinking about a girl doing it. I need some man, so stop talking about it.” He’s fully red in the face now.

I lean back in my seat and try to steal a peak at this “hard cock” they keep arguing about. And sure enough, I catch a glimpse of Lucan’s swollen head sticking up as he leans back in his seat. I look away fast before he can catch me.

Lucan looks down at Kade’s lap. “You asshole. You’re getting hard, too.”

Damn, this is awkward, I think. *It’s either the most awkward breakfast*

I've ever had or the most exciting. I can't tell yet.

"No I'm not," Kade says fast.

"Fuck you." Lucan stands up and gets behind Kade's seat. He pulls Kade's chair back and makes the brute get up.

And then both of these guys are standing up, bare naked before the table. And both of their cocks are rigid and at full attention. Red in the faces, they stare at one another, glaring with rage.

"Asshole," Kade says.

"Dirt bag," Lucan says back to him.

For a moment, they just stare each other down, each one ready to pommel the other to bits. Finally, I clear my throat to let them know I'm still here. "Uh, guys?"

They look at me, and surprisingly neither one bothers to hide their erection.

"Fuck this," Lucan groans. He grabs his plate from the table and throws it in the sink before storming away to his bedroom. "Come on asshole, we gotta hit the gym in an hour or coach will have our ass!"

Kade, fuming with anger, glares at me as he grabs his plate and throws it on top of Lucan's in the sink. "Clean the dishes, twerp!"

"What?" I stand up from the table for a second, but a quick look at my erection makes me sit back down. Unlike these guys, I'm actually inhibited when it comes to letting other guys see my arousal. "Why do, why do I have to clean them?"

"Because I said so." Kade marches to his bedroom and slams the door shut.

"Maniacs," I mutter. I look down at my plate. I'm not even done with breakfast yet, and we're already fighting.

KADE

"Fucking prick," I say under my breath. I throw on clothes for the gym and get my bag ready for work after.

Me and Lucan work in a shipping warehouse. It's a boring fucking job, but it helps pay the rent until boxing can for the both of us. That's our life – work at the warehouse, kick ass at the gym, get laid on the weekends. Only now with Beau here, it feels different.

I should kick Lucan out of the apartment and let Beau have his room. I stop, thinking about what I could do to Beau if I had him all to myself in the apartment. "He has a nice ass," I say about Beau. If Lucan wasn't here, I'd take him and make him my little…

Lucan pounds on my bedroom door. “Come on, asshole. Coach is gonna be pissed again.”

I throw open the door and see Lucan already heading down the hallway. He’s wearing gym shorts and a sleeveless T. His muscles are flexed from his anger. “Fuck you, man,” I growl.

“Shut up,” he says.

I follow him into the kitchen. Bags over our shoulders, we’re ready for practice. I take a look towards the sink and catch our sexy little twerp already doing dishes. Good, right where he needs to be, only… “Hey! Why are you wearing underwear, twerp?”

Beau turns around and purses his lips at me. “Because I want to, jerk.”

I try to grab his underwear. “We told you to stay naked.”

Lucan pulls me back from Beau. He throws me towards the front door. “Get off him, Kade!”

We all freeze and stare at one another.

What’s Lucan’s deal with Beau, I wonder. *The way he looks at him – the way he keeps defending him – does Lucan have some sort of hardon for Beau? He better not. That little twerp is mine if I want him!*

Lucan lowers his head. “He’s not worth our time right now. Come on.”

Beau shakes his head. “You guys are both assholes,” he groans.

I shove Beau before heading to the door. “Get back to the dishes, house boy.” I slam the door shut when we leave.

Luan and I are quiet when we strut down the hallway to the elevator. We’re quiet as the elevator lowers us to the ground floor, but the question in my mind becomes too difficult not to ask. “What’s your thing with Beau?”

Lucan flinches. “What are you talking about?”

“You keep trying to be nice to him. You’re not nice to anyone, Lucan. Neither of us are. So why are you all of a sudden Beau’s boyfriend?”

Lucan is quick to respond. “I’m not his boyfriend, man.” He glares at me. “What about you? Why do you like teasing him so much? You got some sort of secret crush on him or something?”

I make a fist. “No,” I say before clenching my teeth. I stare back into Lucan’s fierce gaze. *Does he know about me and Beau? Does he know I hooked up with Beau once before? No, there’s no way*.

We look away from one another.

I'm angry. My body feels hot with it, and then I do the worst thing I can do in that moment… I start thinking about Beau. Beau's lips, Beau's hands and his naked, firm little butt… Shit, I start getting hard in my gym shorts. I clench my teeth, clench my fist and try to ignore my sudden urges. But the pent-up tension starts taking hold of my body and mind. I want Beau, and I want him now.

The elevator opens on the ground floor. Lucan gets out, and when he sees I'm not going with him, he asks, "Aren't you coming?"

"No." I immediately start pressing the button for the top floor. "I forgot my shirt for work."

"Shirt?"

"Yeah. Left it on my bed. See you at the gym." My sentences are short like my thoughts; all I want is to be on top of Beau.

Lucan walks away as the elevator door shuts. "Whatever, dumbass. See you at the gym."

The door shuts and the elevator starts rising. My mouth is already watering. I lick my lips. My body's hungry for the little twerp I left back in our apartment, and I *will* have him in my bed again.

CHAPTER THREE

~

KADE

I've never had an erection this fucking hard. I storm back into my apartment and slam the door. My eyes dart around fast as I search for the sexy little twerp I'm about to take for my pleasure.

The shower is running.

I yank off my shirt as I walk down the hall. I burst open the door, and I catch him.

Beau is buck naked, about to step under the steaming water. He jumps and turns around. "Kade, what the hell are you doing?"

I lean coolly in the doorway. I lick my lips like I'm looking at a freshly caught meal. A meal of Beau's pretty lips and his cute butt. I grab my dick through my shorts. It screams to come, so hard and full it hurts to hold back. "You didn't think you'd get off that easy, did you, twerp?"

Beau stays still. He shakes a little. He's nervous. But I see his cock start to swell. He bites his lip. He turns away from me and takes a step for the shower. "I don't know what you're talking about."

I grab him before he gets in. I turn him around. "You know what I'm talking about, Beau. Come on. Don't tell me you don't miss it. Don't tell me you wanna do it again, taste again."

He gulps. "Taste what?"

I grin. With one hand, I pull down my shorts and release my raging hard manhood for his eyes. "This."

Beau stares at my dick. He gawks at it. His pretty, full lips are parted. He straightens up. He tries to keep his cool. "What, Kade? Think I'll just drop to my knees and suck your big cock whenever you want?"

"I don't think it." I stand closer to him. "I know you will. Don't try and hide it, twerp." I put my fingers on his face, squeezing his lips a little. His stubble brushes against them. "I can see it in you. The way your eyes are lit up right now." I put my hand on his chest. "Your heart's pounding. Pulse racing." I reach in between his legs and grab a hold of his warm, throbbing dick. "And your dick doesn't lie." I smile. "You want my cock in your mouth. And maybe in your ass, too."

He slaps my hand away. He breathes fast. His face turns red. "Kade, stop it. What if I told you I wouldn't do it for free?" He takes a deep breath. "What if I told you, you had to give me some, too."

He wants some, too? I smirk at him, cocky and arrogant. "Well,

well. Looks like Beau is learning to stand up for himself."

"Are you scared?" he taunts.

I take a step closer to him. My cock starts to drip with hunger for his perfect body. "You don't think I'll do it, do you? You think I'm too straight to put my mouth on you?"

Beau shakes his head. He laughs. "Whatever, Kade. Just let me shower. You should go to the gym." He's about to step into the shower.

I turn him back to me and push him up against the bathroom wall. I stare into his eyes, fierce, horny and longing. I hesitate. Do I really want to do this? "Beau, if sucking your cock means I get your pretty lips around mine, I'll drop to my knees right now." I lower onto my knees before him.

Beau loses his arrogant, taunting smirk. His eyes are wide, staring down at me. He breathes fast. Hands at his sides, they tremble. His cock starts twitching and dancing.

"Hope you're ready," I tell him with a wicked smile. I engulf his cock, all the way to the hilt.

Beau gasps. He slaps his hands against the wall and almost falls down.

I love the way I nearly knock him off his damn feet. I bob up and down on his cock. I slobber on it. I make sure to keep a light grip with my lips, not too hard or soft. Just right. The salt of his precome - I taste it across my tongue. I stroke his shaft as I suck him. I cradle his balls. I groan, loving the taste of him. He's the only man I'll ever put in my mouth.

"Oh God," Beau whimpers. He doesn't know where to put his hands. They tremble and his body shakes. His legs quiver. He's hot. He pours precome into my mouth now, unable to pull away. "Damn it, Kade. You're good!"

I stand up and wipe my mouth. "Alright, twerp. On your knees. It's my turn."

He gulps. I can see the nervousness in his expression. So, I take control and grab his shoulders. "Beau, I said on your knees."

On his knees before me, he hesitates before my cock. He parts his lips. He leans forward. His cock twitches. He wants it, but he's afraid.

I put my fingers on his face and draw him close. "Suck me, twerp!"

He slaps my hand away. His face is red. He's mad. "Back off,

asshole. If you really want this, don't touch me!"

I hold my hands back. "Alright, alright. Fine. Have it your way."

He glares at me. "I really fucking hate you, Kade."

But, I just smirk back at him. "But you really fucking need a place to stay." I put my fingertips on his chin. "Don't worry, twerp. I won't tell anyone. And if you do a good job I might even treat you."

He lowers his eyebrows. "With what?"

"Put your mouth on my cock and find out."

He hesitates. But, he leans forward and parts his lips. I hold onto his face and guide him to my cock. Finally, he takes the last leap and wraps his lips around my head. Their warm, wet and soft. Just like I remember.

He whimpers a little. I can see his cock throb. It must ache so bad to be touched so he starts stroking himself as he bobs up and down on my prick.

I put my hand on his head. My fingers comb through his gorgeous waves of hair as I push my cock deeper into his mouth.

He gags and pulls back. "No, stop!"

"Fine," I grunt. "Just keep sucking. Use your hand, too."

He glares at me.

"Did I stutter?"

He keeps flashing me the anger in his eyes as he wraps his hand around the base of my wet shaft. He slides my cock into his mouth and sucks. His eyes close, and he moans with pleasure.

I ache and throb in his hot mouth. "Fuck yes, Beau. You've got the best mouth I've ever had!"

He starts sucking me harder, faster. He takes me a little deeper with each stroke and whimpers.

"Do you like it?" I ask. "Nod for me, twerp."

He leans back. His eyes flash me that adorable anger again. "I need you to shut the hell up, Kade! You're ruining this!"

Angry, pumping with testosterone and sexual frustration, I grab him and yank him up to his feet. His eyes flash me a panicked kind of fear now, but his cock is still hard. There's goosebumps all over his skin.

"I'll show you what I can ruin," I growl.

I spin him around and push him against the sink.

He gasps. He grabs a hold of the sink as I make him bend over. I

spank him hard and he yelps.

"You asshole!" he hollers.

I grab his ass, right where I spanked him. I massage him and rub his warm flesh. I spank him again. Then his other her cheek.

"Kade!" He turns around and punches me hard in the chest.

"What?" I bark back at him. I puff up my chest, show him my muscle, show him I'm boss. "You want me to stop, Beau?"

He doesn't speak. He bites his lip. His eyes flash me something different now, nor anger or fear, they flash arousal. It's that little spark of desire.

I tower over him. My cock rubs against his stomach. I grab his waist. "No, you like it, don't you?"

He stays quiet.

"It's fine if you do, twerp. Because I definitely love taking control of your hot ass." I lick my lips. "So turn the fuck around and let me take it."

He breathes fast. He clenches his teeth. He turns around slowly, and he bends over for me.

I spank his ass.

He yelps. His eyes roll back. His fingers curl along the sink. His face turns red, and he bites his lip.

I squeeze his cheeks. I kneel behind him and spread them open. I bury my tongue into his hot little asshole before he has the chance to fight me.

He almost collapses I tongue him so fucking good. Ass puckering, he moans loud as his face rubs against the mirror. His hot breath fogs it, and he can't bring himself to lean off it as I rim him.

I spank his ass again. I put my tongue back in his sweet hole and do circles until I feel his thighs shaking. "Do you like that?"

He moans.

I spank him. "Beau, do you like it?"

"Yes!" he sighs with pleasure.

I pull his hips and bury my face in his ass. I taste and treat him to a hard fucking rimming, until his cock is leaking precome over the bathroom floor. I've got him under my control, and I'm gonna show him just how far I can take his body.

I spit into my palm. I stroke his cock with my tongue in his ass.

Beau trembles. "Oh, oh God!"

I grunt and groan. I keep my tongue inside him and fuck him with it. His balls tighten and his cock starts to pulse.

He shakes and trembles. “Oh fuck. Kade!” He arches his back and throws his head back. He shakes again, and this time his cock pulses in my hand and she shoots strings of hot come over my hand and on the floor. It drips from his cock, drips off my fingers. His hole keeps twitching against my tongue.

I stand up. I wipe his come off my hand and onto his back. I pull him to me and wrap my arm around him. I bite his ear. “Told you I’d treat you. Now, I get to come inside that pretty mouth.”

I turn him around and get him back down onto his knees. He has a sleepy, dizzy expression on his face from the high of orgasm. “You’re still an asshole,” he tells me.

My cock dances in front of him. “Shut up and suck, twerp.”

He hungrily wraps his lips back around my dick. He bobs up and down, slobbering over me and whimper and moaning. My cock pulses. Then it throbs hard. My balls tighten. My groin starts to ache in the need to come.

“Yeah,” I growl. “Fuck yeah!”

He moans louder. Eyes shut, his tongue wiggles underneath my cock to taste as much of me as he can.

I buck in between his lips. My cock swells and throbs. I throw my head back. Fingers in his hair, I hold his face still and come inside his mouth. I unleash everything I have. Gallons of it. Feels like I’ve been holding back for years. It’s because no one makes me come like this sexy little twerp.

“Damn it,” I sigh. My cock continues to pulsate and drip come onto the bathroom floor. My skin is flushed red, and my heart feels like it’s going to fucking beat out of my chest.

Beau stands back. His eyes land on mine as he wipes the last drops of my come from his lips. Then, his lips curl into a sly grin. He bites his lip, still staring at me. The steam from the shower drifts over his body. “Fuck, Kade. You weren’t kidding. How many days has it been?”

I take a deep breath, almost ready to collapse down onto the floor. “Too many.”

“I thought you got laid all the time, stud. Or maybe not?” His eyes squint, and he smiles. The little twerp knows he’s taking a jab at my ego.

I push myself off the wall and come back to him. I tower over him. “Think you got jokes, don’t you, Beau?”

“Oh yeah,” he teases. “I know how to push your buttons.”

I grab his arms and pull him fast to me. Our hard cocks rub against one another. “Fuck you, Beau. I know how to press your buttons, too.”

He looks me right in the eyes. “Prove it.”

BEAU

My body and mind on fire, I surrender for a moment to Kade as he grabs me and forces me into the shower.

Both naked, we stand under the hot water. Kade turns me around and pushes me against the wall. He runs his firm hand down my back until he grips my butt. He squeezes and spanks me. “Bet this ass wants more, doesn’t it?”

I bite my lip. I try to hold back from him. This is what he wants, to use desire to control me and get the upper hand. And… it’s what I want, too.

He kneels behind me. “Bet you want your hole eaten while the hot water runs over your body, huh?” He spreads my cheeks.

I brace myself against the wall, unable to speak or fight him. I crave his tongue against me so bad I’m trembling for it again, rock-hard and twitching.

He groans, right before I feel his tongue back in my ass. He’s right, the sensation of his tongue and the hot water makes my eyes roll back and body ignite. He starts off slow, doing circles. In less than a minute he eats me out ravenously, making my thighs shake. I stroke my cock. I begin to pulse.

How does he do this? How does he make me want to come so fast?

I start thinking about Lucan, too. I know I shouldn’t, but I shouldn’t even be letting Kade tongue me like this. I think about Lucan and Kade. Kade’s tongue drives me into a moaning frenzy. I can’t hold back. I grunt and jolt, firing off a second orgasm that makes me drip come onto the hot bathtub.

My legs tremble so bad I think I’m going to fall. “Fuck,” I moan. And then my foot slips on the tub, and I’m about to plummet to the bottom of the bathtub when Kade catches me in his massive arms.

Kade laughs as he helps me stand up straight. He pins me up against the shower wall and locks me into the cage of his body, using his arms to keep my steady while the hot water washes over his naked

muscles. “Easy there, Beau. Are you light headed?”

My eyes close. “What do you think?” All I can do right now is feel, feel the hot water on us, feel my hands as I grab onto Kade’s shoulders and his waist. “Damn it, Kade. I think I could sleep the rest of the day.”

“I know,” he says cocky. “My tongue is a fucking beast.”

I smile. “Sure, Kade. Whatever you say.”

He grabs my face and shakes me a little.

Angry, I fight his hands away from me. “Hey! What the hell are you doing?” He’s completely ruined the high I was riding from the orgasm, well… almost. My body is still tingling. “Asshole.”

“You need to wake up enough to get yourself dressed,” he orders. “Don’t get used to this, Beau. I’m not gonna be around to cuddle your pretty little ass all the time.” He gently taps my face. “Time for me to go.”

“Then go!” I shove him back, hard. He brushes against the shower curtain and almost spills out. “Kade, no!” I grab him fast and try to stop him from stumbling and falling over the edge of the tub.

He whips his foot up onto the edge of the tub and uses it to stop himself from tumbling over. He steadies himself, and then he stands back up, tall and muscular, glaring back down at me. “Trying to knock me down, twerp?”

“No, no,” I stutter. “I mean, I didn’t mean to push you that hard.” I mutter, looking down, “Sorry.”

He grabs me and spins me around. He shoves me up against the shower wall. His hands are firm and hot and my body, fingers pressing into my flesh. “You’ve just earned a spanking later, Beau.” His hand slides down my back and then over my butt. He squeezes my left cheek into his palm.

I whimper. A jolt of excitement makes my body shake for him. My fingers curl into the wet tiles of the shower wall. My cock starts to swell again.

His dips beneath my cheek, and his fingertips press against my aching hole, teasing me, threatening to slide into me. He bites onto my shoulder, gentle but hard enough to make me whimper and feel his animal lust. “Damn it, Beau, I’ve missed you,” he growls. At the same time he bites onto the edge of my ear, he presses his fingertips inside me.

My body flinches. My cock is at full attention again. My hole craves attention and to be his to have and play with. I utter a little cry.

"Before you get away again, Beau," he tells me. "This ass is gonna be mine again." He slowly pulls his fingers out. He steps out of the tub and leaves me breathless, frozen and barely standing against the shower wall.

"Fuck," I whisper. I turn around and see Kade drying off.

"And if I say no?" I ask. Though, it seems like a futile question. "If I don't let you fuck me?"

Kade grins as he tosses his towel on the bathroom counter. His cock is hard for me, and it's hard not to stare at it. He grabs his clothes off the floor and looks me in the eyes. "I won't let you, Beau."

As he leaves, I find myself tempted beyond measure to play with my body. I want to finger myself and finish the job that he started, but I resist because it will just make me crave him that much more. Kade is nothing but trouble. Sure, I've given in a little, but I can't go all the way.

I can't go all the way with him, I tell myself. Though, I know that these temptations are only going to get worse while I'm living here.

CHAPTER FOUR

~

LUCAN

Later that day… I train at the gym.

I hit the bag harder, faster, and then I throw everything I have into it. Shirtless and drenched in sweat, I won't stop my training until that damn punching bag busts open. Again! Again! I grunt and punch. Punch and grunt. All of my frustration, all of this pent-up sexual wanting is going into every hit I give it.

"Lucan. Lucan!" Coach Winters stands behind the bag to hold it steady for me. He's a short, fat and bald Irish man with a grayed goatee. He's always wearing sweats and something that exposes his hairy chest and the gold chain he lets hang over it. "Damn it, you son of a bitch. Stop. I told you to quit it five hits ago you maniac."

Finally, I stand back. I use my forearm to wipe the sweat from my forehead. I heave for air, and I feel the exhaustion finally start to set into my muscles after a three-hour long workout at this old gym. "Sorry Coach," I sigh.

Coach Winters leans against the bag and studies me. "What's gotten into you, Lucan? I gotta say, this aggression is damn wonderful, but where's it coming from? I've never seen you throw yourself into training like this."

I look down, trying not to let Beau's face slip into my mind, but there it goes. His gorgeous eyes slip into my imagination. "No one," I answer Coach. "I mean, nothing."

Kade approaches us. He throws his sweaty arm around me and smiles wide. "Lucan here just hasn't gotten pussy in a year so he's about ready to explode, right loser?" He's shirtless like me, and he's been happier than usual this morning.

I shove his chest. "Fuck off, Kade," I mumble.

"Kade," Coach barks, "get back to the ring over there and keep sparring. I didn't tell you to quit."

Kade rolls his eyes. "Coach, I think I broke Donnoven." He points to the ring.

We look that way. Donnoven is a boxer in training, a year younger than me and Kade, and he's lying on his back in the boxing ring. His chest is rising and falling so we know he's breathing, but he doesn't look like he's in any hurry to get up.

"See?" Kade says. "I wore that pussy out in four rounds."

"Damn it, Kade." Coach shakes his head. He looks at me. "Lucan,

you'll spar with him then."

I glare at Kade. "Again? I thought you said we weren't allowed to spar anymore after last time."

"Well shit, if you can both keep your tempers from getting the best of you." Coach starts walking away towards the ring. "But you're both done for today, anyway. Take a break and then hit the ropes. Gonna get you boys a good cardio workout before you leave."

"Damn it," Kade sighs. "I hate cardio."

We sit together on a bench at the side of the gym. We're quiet a few minutes. Then, I catch Kade staring into space and smiling.

"What are you so happy about?" I ask.

"What?"

"You're smiling like you just got laid."

He grins at me. "Don't worry about my cock, Lucan. Worry about your own."

I grunt and turn away from him. I'm not in the mood to deal with Kade's cocky attitude. He shoves me in the shoulder. "Damn, what's your problem, man?"

"Nothing," I tell him. "I don't have one."

"You're brooding more than usual, Lucan. I can tell. What is it? Coach made you mad because we're gonna have to spar again?"

"No, I don't care about that. I don't have a problem beating your ass."

He laughs. "Then what, man?" He pauses. "Wait, are you mad because of that twink that's gonna be living with us now?"

My whole body flinches. *Damn it*, I think. *Don't show how much Beau is already under your skin!*

"Lucan?" Kade asks.

"No," I answer. "I don't care. He can stay if he needs to." I lean forward on my knees to hide the way my dick starts to harden at just the mere thought of Beau. I've got too much testosterone running through my veins right now, and thoughts of him are making me nervous and excited. "I don't care about Beau."

"Well shit, man…" Kade leans back coolly against the wall. "If I didn't know better I'd say Beau is really getting under your skin." He hesitates, and he lowers his voice. "Is there something between the two of you I don't know about?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I ask, raising my voice. "Of

course there's nothing going on between us. Me and another man? You serious?"

"Calm down, Lucan. Don't get your thong in a twist."

We don't say anything, just drink water, uncomfortably glancing at one another to see if the other is studying, trying to read the other.

"Why are you so curious?" I ask. "Is there something between you and Beau?"

"No," Kade is quick to answer. He laughs it off, a little too nervous. "Of course not. I like pussy."

We lock eyes.

"Yeah," I say. "Me, too. Only pussy."

We stare each other down. *Does he know*, I wonder. *Does he know about me and Beau, what we did once?* I keep my mouth shut, but I'm starting to get angry. Why did Kade go back to the apartment before coming to the gym this morning? What did he and Beau do? Or what did he do to Beau? Jealousy starts to take over, and suddenly I can't wait to get back into the ring and beat Kade's ass.

"Kade? Lucan?" Coach Winters stands in front of us. "What the hell are you boobs doing? Falling in love? Quit staring at each other and stand up."

Kade and I stand up, taking a final glare at each other. "What is it, Coach?" I ask.

"Just got off the phone with Mike Stanley."

"Mike Stanley?" I ask. My shoulders drop from their defensive posture. "The fight manager?"

Coach smiles. "That's right, and you two lucky bastards just got booked for the Russian Ring next Friday night."

Kade and I look at one another, our eyes wide in shock and excitement. "The Russian Ring?" Kade asks. "Coach, that's like, where they scout out professionals, right?"

"One of the spots, yes." Coach gets in both our faces. "If you two can step it up, the Russian Ring could be your big shot to show advertisers and other scouts and managers that your worth a shit. Understand?"

"Yes sir," we both say.

Coach points at us. "You two have a come long way, and I'm proud of both of you, so don't fuck this chance up, guys. And don't let anything, I mean *anything* come between you and this opportunity.

Not even girls."

Kade and I both flinch. "Right, girls," Kade says. "We won't let any *girls* distract us."

But what about a gorgeous new roommate, I wonder.

"Lucan?" Coach gives me the hairy eyeball. "Look at me and tell me right now you won't let some chick distract you from fighting."

"I promise, Coach. I won't let any *girl* get in the way."

BEAU

New York is intimidating as hell. It's a completely different world from the small town I grew up in. I dress to blend in, just jeans and a sweater. A beanie hat on my head, I step out onto the streets in an immediate search for a job. "Come on, Beau," I tell myself. "Find a job or they'll kick you out." They'll kick me out or make me their house boy, and quite frankly, I wouldn't mind being their house boy.

"No, no," I tell myself. "Just find a job and don't let those idiots distract you from why you came here." At the end of the street I come across a bodega with a bulletin board inside. There's a few fliers offering jobs, but nothing looks good. I take them anyway, hoping that I don't have to stoop so low as to be a "nude housekeeper" like one ad wants.

Out on the streets, there's more people and traffic than I ever thought I'd see in my life. But I keep walking. Sure, I'm nervous with every step, but I force myself to keep walking. I've let my anxiety and worries hold me back my whole life until now. It's time to stand up to them.

At the corner of 33rd and Lexington, I hear something over the traffic and murmurs of the crowd, a piano. I look around, and it's coming from an alleyway in between a barber shop and an Italian café. "Is that jazz?" I ask myself.

I get closer to the alley, and when the piano music is louder I can hear the bluesy notes of a jazz tune. "No way," I say under my breath. I go down the alley way, keeping an eye out for anyone that might attack me. Halfway in, there's an old neon sign hanging above a black, wooden door that reads: BLACK CAT'S JAZZ LOUNGE.

Through the wooden door, it feels like I've stepped back in time. I'm in a place that looks like it used to be a speakeasy: a small bar to my left, tables in front of me, and to my right a grand piano with a suited gentleman striking the keys in a bluesy style that makes the

small crowd sway.

"Hi," says a young woman's voice. Behind me, I see a young blonde dressed all in black. She doesn't smile. She looks at her phone while she pops gum. She can't be more than 23 or 24, at least about my age. "Welcome to Black Cat's. Want a table?"

"Uh, sure."

She guides me to the closest table and pulls the chair out for me. The whole time, she keeps looking at her phone. "Here. Sit down. What do you want to drink?"

I check my watch. "Isn't it a little early to start drinking?"

"There's no rules here at the Black Cat," she groans. "So what are you having?" She finally looks at me and purses her lips. "You look like a fruit."

I raise my eyebrows. "Come again?"

She senses the defensive attitude in my voice. She leans on my chair and glares back down at me. "If you'd let me finish, I meant you like you enjoy a fruity drink. So what? You want a strawberry mimosa?"

My eyes squint at her. "You know what? Get me baileys and coffee."

She pops her gum. "Fine."

I don't know what comes over, but suddenly this small-town man is ready to be just as snarky as any city slicker can be. "And you can drop the attitude, too. Just because you have Merri Trent's eyeshadow doesn't mean you can be a diva, too."

She pauses. For a second, she looks she's about to punch me in the face. Instead, she narrows her eyes and cocks her head to the side. "You know Merri Trent?"

"Um, look at my nails, sweetie and you tell me." I flash her my polished fingertips. They wear a clear coat of Merri Trent's nail polish, not visible enough to stand out, but they still make my hands look good.

She smiles at me. "Alright, be right back with that coffee."

I drum my fingers on the table and wait. "Man, I'd love to work here," I say to myself. I look around and see how empty the place is, though. "Tips probably suck…"

"Here." The young lady returns and puts a mug of coffee and baileys in front of me. She sits down across from me. "Coffee and

baileys, boy toy. So tell me, what's your name?"

"Uh, Beau, why?"

"Beau, huh? You're a peculiar guy, Beau."

I take a sip of the coffee. The baileys in it is strong. I'm feeling edgier already. "Why do you say that?"

"Look around you. Everyone in this place is over fifty at least. You're the youngest guy I've ever seen voluntarily come in here."

"But you're here."

She groans. "I work here. My grandfather owns the place, helped get me a job. Doesn't mean I like this place. It's just something to do until my Broadway career takes off."

"Broadway huh?"

"That's right." She smiles. "I'm one of those Broadway-bitch-wannabes. What about you? Are you a New Yorker?"

"Just got here." I take another drink. "I'm from Texas."

"Really?" She leans on the table. "Hmm, you're young, from some small town… you're a dreamer, aren't you? So, what's your dream? What kind of impossible goal has brought you all the way to New York?"

"Julliard," I answer nervously. "I play piano. I'm uh, I'm going to audition for Julliard."

She smiles wide. "And if you don't make it? Then what?"

I shrug. "I don't know. No one's asked me that yet. I don't even know if I have a backup plan." I take one more drink and set my mug down. I decide to turn the conversation on her. "What about you? Do I get to know your name?"

"Oh, a sassy bitch," she teases and she lays a pack of cigarettes on the table. She takes one and lights it. "I like you already, Beau." She offers me a cigarette.

"I don't smoke," I tell her, though I'm hesitant. "I've never smoked."

"Of course." She smiles, an evil grin. "Small town boy… but you look curious. I bet you're just itching to stop being that good, small town boy and be bad, right?"

I wrap my hands around my mug and look down. She's right. I'm already tempted to take a cigarette from her pack like my mother warned me against. "What's your name?" I ask again.

"Helen." She takes a deep drag and blows the smoke away from

us. “My name is Helen, and you’re in luck, Beau, because I’ve lived in New York my entire life. So I can show you a thing or two about this city.”

“Can you show me a place that’s hiring for work?” I sigh. I take a drink of my coffee. “I’ve been looking all morning. Thought I would’ve found something by now, but nothing.”

“Oh my God.” Helen perks up with joy. “Beau, work here!”

“Here?” I look around unsure because of the size of the crowd. “This place needs more work?”

“Yes, we need more work. Believe it or not it gets busy *sometimes*. If you tend the bar you can make almost a hundred dollars every night. I think you and I could really get used to working together, Beau.” She leans forward on the table, and she nods towards the corner of the room. “And we’ll let you play the piano.”

I look at the piano. It’s as if it’s already calling to me to strike its keys. “Really?”

Helen raises her eyebrows to me and smiles. “So? Want the job?”

~

BEAU

By the time I get to the apartment, it’s almost 4 in the afternoon. Alone, I stare at the couch. “It’s gonna be a pain in the ass to sleep there this whole time.” Then, I get an idea. There’s three bedrooms in the apartment: Kade’s, Lucan’s, and one that’s being used as an in-home gym. I go this third bedroom near the beginning of the hallway and stare at it.

“Hmmm,” I say as I eye the weight bench and the upright punching bag. “Maybe I could get them to… No, they wouldn’t want to.”

The front door opens. I spin around and come back into the living room.

Kade and Lucan march into the apartment. They’re wearing jeans and plain shirts, just getting back from work at the warehouse.

I speak up fast before I lose my nerve. “The weight room.”

They pause.

“What?” Kade asks in a rude tone.

“Um, if you guys don’t mind, while I stay here, maybe I could sleep in the weight room?” I put my hands in my pockets. Suddenly, I’m nervous to speak to them like this, especially when it’s not my apartment. “I mean, since you guys have the gym and all, I could just have my own space, you know? And I wouldn’t be in your way out here in the living room.”

Kade grunts. “Fucking forget it, twerp. There’s no way in hell we’re moving our stuff out so you can have a bedroom here.”

Lucan nods. “Sorry, Beau. Not gonna happen.”

I feel deflated. Shoulders hunched, I sigh. “Whatever.” I stay quiet, and I notice that they stand still and stare back at me. Kade scowls. Lucan seems like something heavy weighs on his mind. “What’s wrong?” I ask them.

“Look Beau, we gotta talk,” Kade says.

Like always, Lucan looks down like he’s afraid to look me in the eye.

I fold my arms, bracing myself for the worst. “About what?”

“About you staying here,” Lucan answers. “You can’t stay.”

I wait to see if they’re joking, but neither one laughs. “Are,” I ask, “are you guys fucking kidding me?”

Kade groans. “See, told you he’d get all pissy about it.”

“Of course I’m going to get all pissy about it.” I raise my voice. “What the hell, guys? I even found a job today to help out with rent. I haven’t been here 24 hours and you wanna try and throw me out?”

“We can’t have you here, Beau,” Lucan says. “You’re a distraction.”

“A distraction? From what?” I’m so mad I could punch a hole in their wall. “From girls?”

“From fighting,” Lucan answers.

I glare at Kade. “From fighting. You know, Kade, how ‘bout you tell Lucan what kind of ‘fight’ we had this morning.”

Kade’s nostrils flare. He’s too embarrassed to say anything back to me, and I know his ego is too big to admit what we did this morning. “Whatever,” he grumbles. He leaves his gym bag in the kitchen. “Lucan, you take care of this. I’m going to Frank’s.” He storms out of the apartment and slams the door.

Now, it’s just me and Lucan.

“What the hell is Frank’s?” I ask.

“It’s a sports bar,” Lucan answers. He speaks in a low tone like always. “About twenty minutes walking from here.” He shakes his head and picks up both their bags. “Drinking is the last thing he needs to do, but he might be there all night for all we know.”

I follow Lucan down the hallway. “Why are you guys throwing me out?”

Lucan throws Kade’s bag into his room and goes into his own bedroom. He sets his beg near his bed and starts digging his dirty gym clothes out. “Calm down, Beau. Our decision is final.”

“I want to know why,” I demand.

Lucan won’t look at me. He throws his clothes into his dirty laundry hamper. For the first time, I get a look at his room. It’s plain and lacking color. Lucan always trouble being expressive.

When I can’t stand his silence anymore, I grab his shoulder and turn him around. “Lucan, I demand to know why!”

“Because you’re too fucking…” He stops himself before he can finish. He finally looks me in the eyes, and his gaze is searing. He has the same kind of lustful passion I saw in Kade’s eyes, but Lucan is quieter about his desires. Kade’s a roaring river; Lucan is a deep, mysterious sea. “You’re too fucking tempting,” he says quietly.

It’s suddenly harder to breathe when he looks at me like this. My heart starts beating faster and my palms feel sweaty. “And you think I’ll ruin your chance at boxing?”

“Look, Beau.” He looks down, trying to focus. “Kade and I have a big fight coming up. We both need to be as strong and ready as possible. And with you here…”

I gulp. My stomach begins to flutter with nerves and excitement. “What are you afraid of, Lucan?”

He starts breathing faster. Eyes down, he turns away from me.

“Lucan.” I touch his shoulder.

He pulls away fast.

“Damn it, Lucan. Just talk to me.”

He’s quiet, keeping his back to me.

I approach him slowly. “Lucan, you can trust me. Just tell me. What are you so afraid of?”

“You,” he answers.

“Me? Lucan, why?”

He turns his face to me. “Beau, maybe I don’t you the best out of

everyone in this damn world, but I know you well enough to know you're not stupid. You know why I'm afraid of you."

I bite my lip. My heart is pounding now. Lucan stands right in front of me, a hunk of muscle and brooding attitude just waiting to be set free from his cage of inhibitions, and it's beyond tempting to simply unlock that cage for him. "You're afraid," I say softly, "that we'll sleep with each other again."

His muscles tense when I say "sleep with each other." He turns away from me. He slips off his work boots and socks. "Beau, I'm sorry. But you're a risk I don't want to take."

"Don't want to take?" I ask. "Or can't resist?"

He turns around and faces me. His lips are pursed tightly, nostrils flaring. The tension between us is enough to make me crumble. "Damn it, you're gorgeous, Beau." He faces his whole body to me and takes a step closer.

Run, I think. I should just get out of here. But my feet won't move an inch. I'm stuck as Lucan gets closer to me.

"If you stay," he whispers. "I'm not going to be able to stop myself."

"From what?"

He licks his lips. His eyes meet mine and then he looks at my mouth and the rest of my face. "From… from kissing you." He gets closer. "And undressing you." He's right in front of me. "And having you again."

My body feels too hot to wear these clothes for much longer. I'm breathing fast. My heart pounds in my chest and my hands start to tremble. I raise my hands towards Lucan, and I don't think I'll be able to resist putting them on his body. "Lucan, do you remember what you told me that one night?"

"The night in your bed?" he whispers.

I nod. "Yes. Do you remember what you told me you wanted in life?"

"To live without fear," he answers.

I lick my lips. Our faces are getting closer, and the heat between us is almost too much to handle. "So why are so afraid of me, now, Lucan? Think you can't handle me now?"

He can't take holding back any longer. He grabs me by my waist and pulls my body against his. In a deep breath, he growls, "Beau, I'll

fucking show you what I can handle!"

LUCAN

I grab Beau and pull him to me. I don't kiss him, I just hold him close to me. This power he has over me, it's terrifying. I can't even control my own body when I'm this close to him. My cock swells to an aching hardness, and my mouth waters. I long to feel his lips on mine, but I'm not brave enough to pull him all the way to me.

Beau takes sharp breaths. His eyes half close. His face flushes a shade of pink and red. He runs his fingers though the back of my hair, drawing me closer to him. So agonizingly close that I moan for his touch.

Our lips are less than an inch from one another. I feel his hot breath on my lips. I can hardly breathe. My heart pounds out inside my chest. I grab a hold of his sweater and stretch the fabric as I pull on it.

He draws me closer to him. Finally, our bodies brush against one another. I feel his erection against me. I moan when my dick presses against him. He pulls my face closer. He's going to destroy me with a kiss. Do I run? Do I surrender to this longing?

He tilts his head and puts his lips on mine. He's gentle. His lips are soft. His fingers curl into the back of my hair. He releases me, and my desires take hold. I pull him against me and hold him tight. Our lips begin a dance that's slow and firm.

"Damn it, Beau," I whisper. "I've needed this for so long." I throw him onto the bed.

He lays down for me. He grabs my shirt before I get into the bed with him. He raises it up.

Knowing what he wants, I strip my shirt off and sling it to the floor. I climb on top of him and he pulls me close.

We kiss. We collide like comets in a burning fire. His smell intoxicates me. I grab his body where my hands crave. His hips. His butt. His chest and stomach. My hands devour him. I tear off his shirt. I yank open his belt. He unbuttons and unzips. He grabs my hand and pulls it to his cock.

I squeeze him on the outside of his jeans. I make whimper for me. His body writhes, and he arches his back up. I lick his chest. I bite his nipple. I love the way the skin of his chest turns an aroused shade of pink.

His fingers dig into the flesh of my shoulders and arms. He grabs my manhood with a hunger in the sound of his moan. “Take it out,” he whispers. “Take it out for me, Lucan!”

I undo my belt and jeans. I pull them down. He pulls down my boxers. My cock springs out, thick and engorged for Beau. He wraps his hand around it and strokes.

Immediately, I almost collapse onto him it feels so good. My body heat rises. Beau strokes me until I’m thrusting in his palm. I grab his face and kiss him. I claim his lips and tongue with my own. For everyone else, I’m just a fighter. Beau drives me insane. He makes me a lover, a lover for him.

I lean up and take off his shoes. I pull his jeans off him. I leave him naked.

“Take yours off,” he whispers. His eyes watch me with the light of desire in them.

I take my clothes off. Hot, naked and swollen I climb back onto him and grind our naked bodies against each other.

He whimpers. “Oh, oh yes. Oh God!” His hardened cock rubs against mine. They’re warm. They’re full and aching. I feel a warm drizzle of his precome on my stomach. As I grind against him I touch his body. His leg I wrap up and around my waist. His neck I kiss and lick. I give him more and more until he’s quivering underneath me.

My groin aches in the need for orgasm. I pant, trying to hold back. But being with Beau like this is too much for my body to handle. “Beau, I wanna come,” I say into his ear.

He stops me. He grabs the sides of my neck and looks me in the eye. “Lay on your back.”

I get onto my back for him. He climbs onto me, and my hands grab at his body all over again. I can’t get enough.

He kisses me, grinds against me. His butt presses against my cock and makes me long to fuck him. He moves down my body, kissing and licking my skin.

When he kisses my chest, I breathe deep. When he licks around my nipple, I grab the back of his head and groan. He kisses my stomach. I see the way his butt sticks in the air as he leans over. Damn it, I want to be inside him!

He licks beneath my belly button with the tip of his tongue, following the trail of my hair down to my cock. He puts his lips

around the head of my cock.

I throw my head back against the pillow. I'm raging in his mouth. Pulsing. Aching. His spit drizzles down my shaft. He chases it with his lips and engulfs me as far down as he can. He wraps his hand around the base and strokes me as he sucks me.

"Fuck," I call out. I put hand on the back of his head, run my fingers through those gorgeous dark waves. I watch him. "You're beautiful, Beau."

He looks into my eyes, my dick still in his mouth. He takes it out and catches his breath. "Do you still want to come, Lucan?"

I nod. "Yes!"

"You can in my mouth." He takes my cock back in between his lips. He whimpers as he feels me throb inside.

"Yes," I groan. "Yes!" My fingers rake into his hair. Then, I clutch it as my groin tightens. "Beau, I'm gonna come!"

His lips stay wrapped tight around my shaft. I buck upward and shoot everything I have in a mind shattering orgasm that makes every one of my muscles tremble. I moan loud, unable to speak.

My come spills out over his lips, but he swallows the rest and keeps sucking me gently through my orgasm.

"Fuck," I sigh. I lay back.

He straddles my body. "You okay?"

I catch his eyes looking at mine. I laugh, embarrassed. "I'm great, Beau." I cover my face. "Stop staring. I never let my guard down like this."

"Aw!" He takes my hand away, a smile across his face. He kisses me. "You're shy because you came?"

"Yes," I groan. "Don't tell anyone!"

He rubs my chest. It's warm, and covered in tiny drops of sweat now. "Don't worry. It's safe with me."

I kiss him, again and again. "Your turn." I roll him off me.

"What are you doing? Are you going to blow me, now?"

I tense up. "No. Beau, I, I don't do that."

"Oh," he says disappointed.

"I just, I don't ever do this kind of stuff a lot." Nervous that I've ruined the moment for him, I start to ramble. "I wouldn't even be good at it. Beau, you were amazing and I uh, I don't know. I can't-"

He puts his finger on my lips. "Lucan, it's okay. You don't have to

do anything you don't want to."

I feel a little easier. Looking into his dark eyes does that to me. I turn him around and lay his back against me, his body in between my legs. "But I can do this." I rub my hand in between his legs, right against his swollen balls and taint.

BEAU

This is wrong, I think. My mind and heart race as Lucan massages in between my legs. I'm dripping for him, and I know I should stop him, but I can't. I know I shouldn't have blown him, but I craved him so badly. Being against his massive body makes my legs tremble. His strong hand massaging me makes me whimper and moan like an aching blues song.

"Stroke my cock," I whisper as my eyes close.

He wraps his big hand around my rigid cock, and I lay my head back against his shoulder. I feel the muscles in his arms flex as he strokes me. I smell him. I feel the heat of his skin. When he pants, it's like the building of a bass orchestra. He pants in rhythm with my moans. My legs spread further apart. "Make me come, Lucan," I beg. "Please!"

He starts jerking my cock harder. Too hard. I grab his hand. "Wait. Slow, slower."

He strokes me slower. He lets go and spit into his palm. He uses it to polish me. He squeezes me gently to ooze more precome out. My cock becomes wet and throbbing in his grip. "Tell me what you like," he whispers into my ear. "And I'll do it."

I use my hand to answer him. I grab his other hand and guide it in between my legs. Eyes still closed, I tell him, "Play with my hole."

He slips his fingertip to my ass and presses it against me.

I tremble. My hands grab onto his legs and squeeze. My fingers run through the hairs on his legs. I even pull at them a little he's making me feel so good.

The music that's our panting and moaning crescendos. My cock starts to pulse. I buck into his hand as my mouth opens and face contorts to show my pleasure of release.

"Come for me," he whispers gently. He pushes his finger inside my ass and wiggles it slowly.

I writhe my hips and grind my hole onto his finger. "Lucan... yes!" I jolt into a trembling orgasm. I spray across his bed. My hole puckers

around his finger and my pulses hard in his grip. I shake so hard I almost get away from him, but he holds me back.

He strokes and fingers me through my orgasm. When it's done I breathe heavy. My head feels light. Body tingling. Cock pulsating in Lucan's gentle hand. He slips his finger out of my ass and wraps his arm around my chest. He holds me close and kissed my neck.

This is wrong, I think again. So damn wrong. If Lucan knew I had already fooled around with Kade, what would he do? Would he be furious? Would he kick me out?

But Lucan holding me is like a drug, just like feeling Kade take control of me. Both of these guys, they're my dangerous addiction. And I'm getting hooked.

CHAPTER FIVE

~

BEAU

I'm breathless, still breathless, lying naked on Lucan's bed as if he's sucked the air out of me permanently. Finally, I take a deep breath and open my eyes. I don't know why, but my arm drifts towards Lucan's side of the bed as if I might actually be able to rest my hand on his body, but it lands on the empty bedsheet instead.

I sit up. "Lucan?"

"What?" he growls.

Lucan stands near his dresser. He's already putting clothes back on, and he won't look at me now. It's not hard to tell that all of this romantic passion he had no more than a few minutes ago is gone. In its place, it seems, is regret.

"What's wrong?" I ask him.

He's quiet. He puts on boxers and then a clean pair of jeans. "You should get dressed, Beau. There's no telling when Kade might come back."

"Maybe I don't care if he catches us." I stay in bed, stark naked, only now the room is starting to feel colder.

Lucan huffs in frustration. He grabs my clothes off the floor and chucks them onto the bed. My shirt hits my chest. I flinch, and I just stay still. "Get dressed," he orders again. "I'm not going to tell you a third time."

I hesitate, but I know there's no changing Lucan's mind once it's made up. There's no changing it especially when he's this mad. I get out of bed and get dressed. "You know something? I always thought you were the nicer one, Lucan. Kade was the asshole, and you were the nice guy that was his friend, but now?"

He waits. Dressed, he leans against his dresser, head down. "Now what, Beau?"

I throw on my jeans and do the button. "Now I think you're both jerks."

Lucan's eyes raised up and he stares at me. "Really, Beau? That's all you got?" He smirks. "Jerks? You should probably wash your mouth out with soap."

He thinks he's funny, but I'm not laughing. I sling my shirt over my shoulder. "If it's going to be like this the whole time I'm here, with you not being man enough to accept that you want me, then I really *should* leave, Lucan." I walk out of his bedroom.

Lucan follows me. “Beau, wait.”

But I don’t want to hear another word. I go into the living room. And just when I reach it, the front door opens and Kade stumbles into the apartment.

Lucan and I freeze. My shirt remains slung over my shoulder. Lucan is only wearing jeans. We look at one another and then back at Kade, both of us nervous he might suspect something.

Kade almost falls to the floor but he catches himself on the wall. He slurs. “Well, hello boys, looks like you’re having a nice time.”

“Damn it, Kade,” Lucan grumbles under his breath.

Instinctively, both Lucan and I rush to Kade’s side to stop him from falling. Only Lucan is defensive about me touching him. “Leave him alone,” he growls at me. “I’ve got this.”

“No,” I fight back. “I can help, too, asshole.”

Kade drunkenly smiles, his eyes half-closed. “Look at you two girls. Fighting over me. You guys are too great.” His head sways towards Lucan. “Come on, Lu-Lucan. Help me get to bed.” He stands up a little straighter, and then he turns to me, and he thinks he lowers his voice though it’s still loud enough for Lucan to hear. “And Beau,” he tries to whisper, “you can *join* me in bed.”

I look at Lucan. And Lucan’s eyes flash back at me with a glare of jealousy. “What’d he say?” Lucan asks.

“Oh shit,” Kade mumbles. “He heard me, Beau.” He turns back to Lucan. “Uh, nothing, nothing, man. I was just gonna be nice and let Beau, uh, share my bed tonight.”

Damn it, Kade! The way Lucan glares back at me lets me know he’s already onto something between me and Kade. *Get him to stop talking, fast!*

I roll my eyes. “Lucan, come on. Kade is just being stupid. Let’s get him to bed.”

Still angry, Lucan helps me carry the drunk brute down the hall and into his bedroom. We drop Kade onto his bed and he sprawls his limbs out. Smiling, Kade scratches his stomach and immediately starts drifting to sleep.

Lucan glares down at Kade. “So,” he says to me, “wanna tell me what the hell he was talking about?”

I gulp. If Lucan finds out about me and Kade, I think his rage will send his fists into overdrive and I’ll end up a pile of beaten mush. “I

don't know…" I shrug. "Maybe he wants to sleep with me?"

Lucan turns his body to me. He doesn't notice that he grabs me by my arm. "And why would he want to do that?"

I pull away from him. "Not sure, Lucan." My voice raises and I become defensive. "Ask yourself the same question. Why did you just let me put your cock in my-"

Lucan steps forward fast and puts his hand over my mouth. "Shut up, Beau," he whispers. "Kade is drunk, but he still might be listening."

I throw Lucan's hand away from me and walk around him. "Fuck you, Lucan."

We walk out into the hallway. Lucan closes Kade's door behind us. He grabs me and stops me from getting back to the living room. "Beau, wait."

"For what?" I try to pull away from him.

Lucan pins me against the wall and stands in front of me to block me from getting around his massive body. "Just, wait."

My eyes narrow when I look into his. Damn it, I want to slug this guy in his sharp jaw as hard as I can. "What's your problem, Lucan? Do you want me or not?"

"Yes," he answers faster than he can think. He looks back at Kade's door as if he can make sure no one is listening to us. He lowers his voice. "I mean, yes, Beau. I, I do, but…"

"But what?"

"We shouldn't do this. What we did today, that was a mistake. We shouldn't do it again."

I feel ready to scream. "Alright, then. You and Kade have made it pretty clear I shouldn't be here. So, if you'll move, I'll be on my way out."

Lucan won't budge. His eyes stay on me. His muscles flex. He's mad. He's frustrated. His nostrils flare and then shake a little. It'd be cute if he weren't the man I was most pissed at right now.

"Lucan," I repeat, "get out of my way."

He backs up enough for me to push him back. I go to the living room and start packing my bag.

Lucan stands near the end of the hallway and watches me. "Are you leaving tonight?"

"Might as well. There's a hotel two blocks away I saw this

morning. Sure, I might get murdered there, but at least I'll be out of your apartment, right?" I throw my clothes into my bag.

Lucan comes to me and grabs my arm. "Beau, stop."

"Fuck you, Lucan." I pull away from him. "Why do you think you can just grab me whenever you want?"

He takes a step back. "Okay, I'm sorry."

"Good." I take a deep breath. "You should be."

He stares back at me, hesitating. "Beau, I don't want you to leave. I'll talk to Kade, and I'll make sure that you stay."

"You sure?" I wait, part of me feeling he'll change his mind the next instant and throw me out on the street. "I'm not going to 'distract' you from fighting?"

"Yes," he answers. "I'm sure." He gets closer. "Beau, I really want you to stay, for now at least."

I fold my arms and smirk at him tauntingly. "So you can get some ass? Is that why?"

He tries to fight back his smile, but he laughs a little and looks down shyly. "No, that's not why. I mean, it would be alright if I did. I mean, uh… No, Beau, shut up. I can't think when you talk like that."

It's fun watching Lucan crumble into a nervous pile in front of me. All that muscle and brawn and something as simple as talking about sex sends him spiraling into a weak mess.

"I'll talk to Kade, alright?" he says. "It won't be hard to convince him to let you stay."

If you only knew the truth, I think.

Lucan puts his hands on my shoulders. "So, just stay, at least for the night."

Hesitantly, I nod. "Alright."

Lucan doesn't say much more before going to bed. He takes a last look at me before disappearing down the hallway. I wonder what he's thinking about…

Too anxious to sleep, I pace around the living room and stare out the window for a bit. I don't care about watching TV. I don't want to stay inside. I throw in my headphones and listen to bluesy piano music as I step outside the apartment to take a walk. In my pocket, I carry the pack of cigarettes that Helen gave me. The small-town good boy? I can feel him fading fast.

I'm about to walk down the hall to the elevators when I catch the

sight of a door at the opposite end nearer to the apartment. On it reads a sign: ROOF ACCESS.

Hmm, I think. *I'm probably not supposed to go up onto the roof*. And on a second thought, I decide that newer, bolder me doesn't care about what's allowed and what's not.

On top of the apartment building roof, I feel like I can see the whole neighborhood and then some. The city is massive. There's nothing like it, an endless sea of concrete and buildings, and I can just barely see the shore of the Hudson River.

I light a cigarette and smoke. "Maybe it was wrong to come live with them," I tell myself. "Maybe I should just turn around go home, or go somewhere else at least until auditions are done." I blow smoke. "Kade and Lucan, they're too much trouble. I don't have time for this. Maybe I'm a distraction, but *they* are a distraction, too, distracting me from why I came here."

I stare out into the city, and my stomach drops when I think about it. "All I came here for was to audition, and now?"

Now I'm getting caught up in a hot mess of lust and longing for my roommates, and I'm not sure I'll make it out okay.

CHAPTER SIX

~

BEAU

Working at the Black Cat Jazz Lounge isn't exactly what I thought it would be. Despite the afternoon emptiness, at night it gets busy with old men and women slumping into the bar to listen to Jonsey, our piano player, strum away the blues for them as if they were going back in time. I keep myself busy making old fashioned drinks, a lot of liquors served neat. Dressed in all black, my hair slicked like a 20's gangster, I make money in cash from tips and stuff them deep into my pockets where I'll save them to get a place of my own.

"You're catching on really quick," Helen tells me. "Sure you've never served drinks before?"

"Never." I smile to myself, knowing damn well how mad my mother would be if she knew I were doing a job like this. She always warned me about working in places like this. She'd rather I worked in a library or somewhere quiet. I love her, and she loved all her kids, even Beau and Lucan, but she could be overprotective.

"Ugh," Helen groans. "It's the new guy."

We look to the entrance door. Her grandfather greets a man as he walks through. While Helen's grandfather is a tall, lanky fellow with a fedora and a cigarette hanging off his lips, this new guy is a short and chubby man with body hair sticking out from the chest of his shirt. He has a gold chain around his neck and jewelry on his fingers and wrists. He looks like a pimp with no hookers on his arms.

"Who's that?' I ask her. "I thought *I* was the new guy."

"I wish you were the only new guy," she tells me. She leans in closer. "His name is Jasper. I only met him once, but I got this super creepy vibe from him. Watch out for him, Beau. Can't tell if he's into boys or girls yet, but I got a feeling whichever one he likes he's going to get sleazy with."

I go to the back of the bar to put some used glasses into the sink for Jaimie to wash. "Jamie, I think this one has a crack in it."

Jamie, a short old man with a cigarette hanging from his mouth, takes the glass from me and inspects it like a scientist. "Naw, it's fine."

"Jamie that could cut someone."

"Naw." He shakes his head and tosses the glass in the sink to wash with the others. "It's fine. People here ain't pussies, Beau. And neither are the ones who work here. What about you? You a pussy?"

I gulp. Jamie's scratchy voice and squinting eyes almost makes

him seem as a harsh pirate. “No…” I answer unsure.

“Hmmm. I guess we’ll see.”

I leave him, about to go out to the lounge and offer another round to the guests, when around the corner I run into the new guy, Jasper. “Oh, hey.”

“Hey there.” He talks with a tone of voice that oozes slime. When he looks at me, it’s like he’s licking me with his eyes. He licks his crusty lips and looks me up and down. “Didn’t know I’d be working with a fresh piece of meat.”

I want to throw up. “You’re not. If you’ll please move.” I try to get around him.

Instead, he gets in my way. This Jasper is going to be a real pain to work with. “Not so fast. What’s your name, stud?”

I take a nervous breath. “Beau,” I answer. I don’t want to answer. I wish my spine was stronger so that I could tell him to “fuck off,” but the small-town good boy in me is too polite for that. “And you’re Jasper.”

“That’s right.” He smiles, wide and menacing. “I think you and I are gonna have a lot of fun working together, Beau.” He reaches his hand, and he’s about to touch me in between my legs. “A lot of fun…”

“Beau?” Helen comes around the corner into the hallway. “Jonsey needs another rum and coke. I told him he’s had enough, but he says he needs it to keep playing.”

Jasper pulls his hand back when he thinks he’ll get caught.

I can’t make eye contact with him as I finally get around him. “Another rum and coke,” I say fast. “Coming up!” Anything to get away from the new sleaze-ball.

I’m grateful for my new job at the Black Cat, but now I’m nervous, almost afraid, of the man I have to work with.

KADE

“Can’t believe we’re letting him stay,” I grunt. That fucking little twerp – that fucking sexy little twerp with perfect lips and ass…

“Kade?” Lucan asks. “What are you doing in here? Lola has been asking about you all night.”

I lean up on the kitchen counter, sipping on my glass of straight whiskey. I look out into our apartment living room, past the overcrowded party we’ve invited for the night, and I lock eyes with the vixen named Lola who’s perched near our fire escape window.

Lola's a sexy thing – a 22-year-old aspiring model with round tits and a firm butt. She smiles at me, and then she seductively sips from her black straw of the drink Lucan made her while keeping strong eye contact with me. It'd be too easy to get her into bed… so why don't I want to?

The rest of the party is mostly guys from the gym, big guys, some of them boxers like me and Lucan. The music is loud with a heavy bass. The liquor is flowing. It's the same kind of party Luan and I throw a few times a month, even though we know Coach would kill us if he found out. But for whatever reason, I'm just not feeling this night, not without Beau here.

"Aren't you going to talk to her?" Lucan asks.

I smile at Lola, but I turn away from her. "I don't know, man."

"What are you talking about?" Lucan makes himself a drink. "Kade, the Great Player, doesn't want to hook up with the hottest girl in the room? Are you sick?" He laughs. "Did your dick stop working?"

I shove Lucan. "Shut up, jackass." I take a moment to check him out, studying the wardrobe he decided to wear tonight. "What's with the button-up shirt, man? And, did you iron your jeans? Fuck, might as well throw on a tie and turn this party into a wine tasting."

"Fuck you." Lucan leans against the counter next to me and studies the crowd like I do. "I think I look nice." He checks his watch again. "Where the hell is he?"

"Who?"

Lucan stammers, embarrassed. "No, no one. I didn't say anything."

I squint my eyes at him. He can't lie to me. I know him too well. "Beau? You're wondering when Beau is getting home?" It suddenly makes a little more sense to me. "Holy shit. That's why you're dressed up. You're trying to, what, impress him? Lucan, you got some sort of gay crush on Beau?" I can feel the anger start to run through my veins already.

"No!" But Lucan answers a little too fast and defensive. "I'm not even thinking about him."

I grab Lucan by his shirt collar and make him face me. "Listen here, playboy," I growl. "Stay away from him."

Lucan backs away and throws my hand away from him. His shoulders raise in defense. He narrows his eyes, and he studies me the same way I studied him. "Wait a second. Why are you all of a sudden

so defensive about him?"

"I'm not." I stand up tall, trying to hide my jealousy. *Beau is mine*, I keep thinking. *He's my hot piece of man and you're not getting him!*

Lucan gets in my face, his voice low and angry. "If I didn't know any better, Kade, I'd say you had a gay crush on Beau, too."

"Too?" My eyebrows raise. Lucan just let his little secret fucking slip through his teeth. "You mean…"

Lucan's eyes widen. He knows he's let the truth slip from him. He opens his mouth, probably going to explain himself, when the front door opens.

We both look to the door and see Beau walk in. Dressed in sharp black, his hair slicked and a little messy, he's home from work. He sees the party we're throwing and immediately scowls as his jaw drops. "What the fuck?" I see him say.

Lucan takes a final stare at me. "Fuck you, Kade." He goes to Beau and greets him with a smile.

Is he fucking flirting with him, I ask myself as I watch them.

Beau seems mad about the party, but Lucan talks to him. Lucan says something to make him laugh, and his smile is pretty and dimpled.

I grip my whiskey glass a little tighter. "Fuck them. They're stupid." I down the rest of my whiskey and pour some more. "Don't need to be around them anyway." I storm away from the kitchen and through the crowd of idiots in the living room, straight to Lola. If I can't sleep with Beau tonight, I'll use her instead.

LUCAN

I stare at Beau while he pours himself a glass of wine at the kitchen counter. I swear, the rest of these people could leave the party and I'd be fine with it, as long as Beau stays. He's too damn handsome in his black uniform from the jazz lounge. I want to rip all that black clothing off him and taste his naked skin. He turns around and smiles at me. "Are you staring?"

I gulp, nervous and excited. "No." I turn away from him, but I smile back. "Maybe…"

He leans coolly against the counter and looks at the party. "I thought you guys were worried about distractions from fighting. And now you're throwing parties days before the big boxing matches?"

I sigh. "It was Kade's idea. After he agreed to let you stay, he just

started inviting more and more people over." I lower my voice and lean closer to Beau. "Honestly, I think it was to distract him from you."

"Me?" Beau stares at Kade across the room, sipping on his glass.

I watch Beau, trying to read him, trying to see if there's anything there for Kade. "Beau, I need to ask you something."

"Shoot."

"Is there, is there something between you and Kade."

He flinches. He stares forward, eyes a little wider, eyebrows raised a little. It's easy to see from his body language that I've hit something. "What do you mean?"

"Don't mess around, Beau." I get even closer to him and speak into his ear. "If there's something between you two then I want to know."

Beau is hesitant. He looks back at me, barely, and he bites his lip. "Lucan, there's something I guess I should tell you. Tell both of you."

And just when I was about to get answers…

Kade stumbles back into the kitchen. He's tipsy, his arm around Lola, but his eyes are on me and Beau. "Lucan, you son of a bitch. I challenge you!"

I sigh. "Kade get outta here. You're drunk."

Kade struts up to both of us. He winks at Beau. "What's up, Beau?"

Beau folds his arms and sips from his glass. He's trying to hide his smile, but he stares back at Beau in darting glances. "Hey…"

They stare at each other, a little too long for my liking. So I stand up straight and get in between them. "Kade, what do you want?"

"Arm wrestling," he answers with a smirk. "Winner gets the bed tonight. Loser has to sleep on the floor."

"Wait," Beau asks. "Why would either of you have to lose a bed?"

Kade grins. "Go look in Lucan's bedroom and you'll see."

Beau follows me to my bedroom doorway. When we look in, there's two girls lying my bed, still wearing mini-dresses, passed out drunk. "You gotta be kidding me," I groan. "Kade's bed is the only one available."

Back in the kitchen, Kade waits against the kitchen counter with an evil grin on his face. Lola hangs off his body like a decoration. "Surprised you didn't jump into bed with them, Lucan," Kade says.

Beau looks to me, the confusion and curiosity on his face. "Do you usually go to bed with two drunk girls?"

“No,” I answer honestly. I glare at Kade. “I don’t sleep with a woman when she’s drunk.”

“That’s right,” Kade teases. “The noble Lucan, always a gentleman. Isn’t that right, Beau?”

Beau slumps his posture like he wants to hide. I get in between them. “Keep your bullshit between us, Kade. So what’s the deal? We arm wrestle to see who gets your bed?”

Kade leans off the counter and get in my face, eyes searing and angry. “That’s right, Lucan.”

“What about Beau?” I point to the couch. “Looks like there’s a few drunk boxers passed out where he’s supposed to sleep.”

Kade smirks. “How about this? Beau gets to share the bed with the winner.”

Lola perks up and hangs onto Kade’s arm. “Kade, baby, I thought I was gonna share your bed tonight,” she whines.

“Lola, I told you, I can’t have any fun until after the fight.”

“Not even cuddling?” she whines.

“No, Lola.” Kade keeps his fierce gaze on me. “So, how about it? Let’s see who’s stronger. Let’s see who’s in charge of this apartment?”

“Lucan, don’t do this.” Beau puts his hand on my shoulder. “I’m fine on the floor. Just take your own bed with those girls.”

“No.” I’m amped up and ready to fight. “Let’s do it, Kade.”

We clear the kitchen table and sit at opposite ends. People of the party that are still sober enough to stand surround us at the table. Kade smiles as he rests his elbow on the table and presents his arm and hand for the fight. “Hope you’re ready to get your ass whipped,” he taunts.

“Back at you… bro,” I growl. I lock my hand with his.

“Beau,” Kade orders, “count us off.”

Beau looks uncomfortably between us. “Okay, uh…” He’s nervous, but I’ve got this fight. I won’t let Kade go to bed with Beau, no fucking way. “One… two… go!”

We rage into war. A vein pops out of Kade’s neck. I feel my face get hot. Our hands get sweaty fast and tighten around each other in a vice grip that would snap a metal bar. Our muscles bulge. My bicep almost rips out of the nice shirt I put on for Beau. We grunt. We groan and start to roar.

Kade pushes my arm down a little.

I fight back and then push his down.

The crowd cheers.

Beau folds his arms and watches us nervously. I hope that he's rooting for me, but something tells me he might be rooting for *both* of us.

Just when it seems like one of us might best the other, the damn table cracks under the pressure of our mounting weight. Our arms break off the end of it and we're both sent falling from out chairs.

The crowd goes wild. "Holy shit! Did you see that? They broke the fucking table!"

We stand up, glaring at one another. We're heaving and ready to fist fight. "Asshole!" Kade bellows. "You broke the damn table!" I get back in his face. "No!" I roar. "It was you, jackass!"

Beau jumps in between us, his hands against our chests. "Guys, stop. There's no reason to fight like this."

"Stay out of this, Beau," I growl. I'm too mad to tame right now. "Let me beat his ass." I take a step forward, thinking Beau will get out of the way.

But Beau doesn't move. As Kade and I close in on one another, he stays between us. If things go wrong, we could end up hurting the one we're fighting over.

BEAU

Kade and Lucan are two testosterone fueled beasts on either side of me. It terrifies me because I could get caught up in their war. And yet, I've never been more turned on. My breaths are quick. My body feels hot. My hands are warm on both their chests, and I have an aching desire to rip their clothes off and stay in between them. "I'm not moving!" I declare.

Kade reaches around me to try and hit Lucan.

Lucan reaches the other way.

They start to clamor for one another. They swear at one another and yell like animals. But I keep my ground and stay in between them. I use everything I have to keep them apart.

"Damn it, Beau," Lucan yells. "I told you to get out of the fucking way!"

"Hey!" Kade reaches around me and shoves Lucan's shoulder. "Don't talk to him like that!" Then he lowers his voice and asks me, "Beau, you okay?"

“Fuck you,” Lucan barks. He shoves Kade’s shoulder. “Don’t talk to him.”

The rest of the party goers watch us. They’re confused and afraid to get into the fight. After all, Lucan and Kade are the biggest guys here. “Uh, I think this party is over now,” one of their boxing friends says. We don’t notice as they start to trickle out of the apartment.

After another few minutes of keeping the beasts apart, I finally get Lucan and Kade to back away from one another. “You both need to cool off,” I tell them.

“He’s the asshole that started it.” Lucan points at Kade. “I won that arm wrestle. I get the bed.”

“Like hell.” Kade fights back. “It’s obvious that I won it.”

I look around while they keep fighting, and I see that there’s no one left of the party. One boxer is passed out on the couch, and he looks to heavy to move. There’s two people asleep on the living room floor, and the two girls remain in Lucan’s bed fast asleep.

“Holy shit,” Kade says. He looks around. “When did everyone leave?”

“While you both were fighting like little girls,” I tell them.

Kade and Lucan stare back at me, and they hang their heads. “What about Lola?” Kade asks.

“You didn’t see?” I ask. “Dude, she left with someone else.”

Kade sighs. “Figures. You can never trust a model.” He strips off his shirt and slings it over his shoulder.

Fuck, I can’t help think. I bite my lip and stare at his body. All that muscle and aggression just waiting for some release…

Kade puts his arm around my shoulders. I guess he’s tipsy enough to show me some affection. “Come on, man. Let’s go to bed.”

“What about Lucan?” I ask. “You’re gonna make him sleep on the floor?”

Kade flashes a glare at Lucan. “Yes,” he says in a low, angry voice. “That’s where dogs sleep.”

“Asshole,” Lucan says under his breath.

I move out from under Kade’s arm. As much fun as it would be to go to bed with him, I can’t bring myself to leave Lucan out in the cold like that. “No, you and Lucan have the bed.”

They look at each other. Lucan’s eyebrows furrow in a frustrated kind of surprise. Kade laughs in disbelief. “Beau, are you serious? You

really think we wanna share a fucking bed with each other? I wanna beat this guy's face in, not sleep with him."

"Fair enough." Lucan crosses his arms over his muscular chest. He leans his head back in a show of his cockiness against Kade. "I bet I could beat your ass in my sleep, anyway."

"Ugh." I sigh. I rub my forehead. "You guys are giving me a headache." I look up, and I look back and forth between them. An idea crosses my mind, but I'm hesitant. "What if… no, we can't do that."

They look at each other and then at me. "What if what?" Kade asks.

Lucan sighs. "Beau, don't tell me you're thinking what I think you're thinking."

"Thinking what?" Kade looks back and forth between us in frustration. "I can't read minds, guys. Tell me."

Lucan keeps his eyes on me. "Beau wants to share the bed – all three of us."

Kade scowls at me. "Really?"

I shrug. My stomach starts to flutter, and my heart beats a little faster at the possibility of laying in between the two of them. "I mean, I wouldn't mind. I could keep you guys from fighting, and we could all at least get a good night's sleep in a bed instead of the floor."

They glare at one another, then back at me. Lucan is the first to nod. "Whatever you want, Beau."

Kade sighs. "Fine." He looks at Lucan. "But if this fucker tries to start anything I'm kicking ass out the window onto the street." He marches away from him and storms to his bedroom.

Lucan begins unbuttoning his shirt. "So, we're gonna share the bed with Kade tonight?"

Head down, I keep my eyes on his and my voice soft. "Looks like."

He unbuttons his shirt fully and slips it off. He gets closer to me. "It's gonna be harder to have my way with you while he's in bed," he whispers.

My cock starts to get harder and my skin hotter. But, I step back from him. "Nothing is happening between us, Lucan. Not after the way you yelled at me like that tonight." I cross my arms, trying not to look at his handsome face or the wanting expression on it. "Damn it, Lucan, I can't stand you when you're angry."

“But you can stand Kade?” he asks.

“I can’t stand either of you when you’re angry.”

He takes a deep breath. “Fine.” He walks around me towards Kade’s bedroom. “Make sure you stay in between Kade and me tonight. If he so much as touches me I’ll pound his face in.”

Alone in the kitchen, I take a deep breath. “Holy shit, what am I about to do?” I’m about to get in bed between the two hottest guys I’ve ever known, and they’re starting to fight over me. Nervous, and my heart almost pounding out of my chest, I head towards Kade’s bedroom.

CHAPTER SEVEN

~

Oh my God, I think. *Oh no. No! This is really happening!*

I stand beside Kade's bed and watch as the two dueling studs strip off their clothes.

Kade flashes me a look. "Beau, what are you doing? Take off your clothes and get in bed."

I grab at my shirt, but I'm nervous to take it off. "All, all of my clothes?"

Lucan nods. He pulls down his jeans and boxers in one smooth motion. His cock dangles like candy. "Don't worry, Beau. I won't let him mess with you."

"Fuck you, Lucan," Kade barks. "I shouldn't even let you sleep in my fucking bed." He raises his shoulders like he wants to fight.

"Okay, okay!" I get in front of Kade and put my hand on his swelling, muscular chest. "I don't want you guys to fight. Let's just get some sleep."

Kade backs away. He strips off the rest of his clothes and tosses them in a pile in the corner of his messy room.

I slip off my shirt. My shoulders lower, posture stooped as I grow shy. I slip off my shoes.

"Beau, come on," Kade says. "It's nothing we haven't already seen."

I step out of my clothes entirely and stand naked before the bed. My heart pounds like a bass drum. It's too quiet in here, too quiet between them. The tension in this quiet is deafening. "So, where do I sleep?"

Kade stands by the bed. "In between us so I don't kill this asshole in my sleep. Go ahead. Get in."

I slip under the covers and move to the middle of the bed.

"Dickbag," Lucan snarls back. He gets into bed, still talking to Kade. "You wish you could even land a punch in your sleep, idiot."

"Guys!" My stomach is swirling with nerves. "Please. Let's just sleep."

Kade shuts out the light and get into bed.

We lay our heads down. Kade and Lucan toss and turn onto their sides. They start breathing slower and deeper. They're already going to sleep, or so it seems.

This is fucking unbearable, I think. *I can't just lay here between them!*

I can smell them, the smell of men, flares in my nostrils and I try to ignore it. They breathe deep, music that turns my body on. The heat from their bodies radiates onto me. My nipples harden. My cock starts to swell.

No, I think. *Go down! Go down!*

Lucan scoots a little closer to me. He puts his hand on my chest. His hand is warm. His touch is gentle. He gives me goosebumps. He finds my erect nipple and toys with me.

I try to push his arm away. I do it slow and soft so not to alarm Kade who is just on the other side of me. I turn my head to him and whisper, "No, Lucan."

He resists a moment, but he returns his hand to my body. He scoots closer to me. I feel his erection against my leg. He breathes closer to my ear.

Damn it, I can't stand this. I can't resist this. I make sure Kade isn't paying attention.

Kade seems fast asleep.

I turn and face my body to Lucan. I get closer to him. I take a loose hold of his manhood and stroke my fingertips along his shaft.

Lucan grabs my cock and strokes.

Together, we make one another breathe a little faster. I squirm underneath the sheets. I long to be free of them. But I don't want to wake Kade up.

Kade, however, isn't asleep like I thought. He scoots closer behind me. He whispers into my ear, "Don't make a sound." He squeezes my butt in his strong, firm hand.

I lean my head back. My grip around Lucan's shaft tightens. When I start to whimper, I bite my lip to keep quiet.

Lucan growls. He strokes me firmer. He drips precome onto my hand. His balls are full, swollen and seeking relief.

Kade takes my other hand and guides it behind me to his erection. It's right near my butt. He's rock hard and pulsing in my grip.

The quiet is shattering me. It's all I can do to not utter a single moan. I can hear Kade and Lucan stifling their sounds on either side of me. They're both oblivious that I'm playing with the other. They would tear me apart if they knew.

Stop! I think. *Stop it!* But my body craves them too fiercely. Hot, sweating, I stroke their cocks and long to feel them come.

Kade licks his middle finger and slips it into my ass.

My eyes roll back. I whimper.

Lucan strokes me, and he thinks I whimper for his touch. He covers my mouth.

Kade thinks he's the one making me cry out in a little song. He whispers harshly, "Shut up!" He bites on my ear. "Squeeze harder."

I squeeze Kade's cock firm. I squeeze Lucan's cock the same way. I stroke them. They stroke and finger me. Our bodies writhe on the bed. What happened to the good small-town boy? He's long gone now. I'm a different man now, a man that takes a risk like this.

Kade squeezes my butt. His finger wiggles fast inside me. I hear him grunt, and I feel him throb in my hand. Next thing I feel is his hot come shoot against my butt. More and more. It drips down my body.

I jerk Lucan's manhood until I have him tense and squirming. His hand moves from my mouth. He takes his fingers down my warm chest and bucks into my hand. He throbs and shoots his come against my stomach. Like Kade's, it drips off me, warm and sticky.

Kade keeps his finger inside me. Lucan strokes me faster.

My face scrunches. My body sings. My balls tighten and my ass squeezes. I want to scream. Biting my lip, I squirm and come over their hands. My body shivers and trembles. My cock and ass throb and pulse for what feels like an hour. A minute later, Lucan releases my cock and Kade pulls his finger out.

I take a deep breath and try to relax.

Kade pats my butt gently. "You're fucking sexy as hell, twerp," he whispers, making my head spin with lust for him.

Lucan caresses my bottom lip. "You're wonderful," he whispers to me, making my skin tingle.

They roll back onto their backs. Spent, relieved of their burdens of desire, they fall easy to sleep. They even snore softly. It's damn cute to listen to them.

I turn onto my back, sticky with their come. *What am I doing*, I ask myself. If I keep playing it this risky between them, I might not make it out of this alive.

CHAPTER EIGHT

~

KADE

"Come on, Kade, get your ass in there. Kill it! Kill it!" Coach screams at the side of the boxing ring. I'm in a sparring helmet and shorts, wearing gloves and practicing against Lucan.

I throw a hit at him. Lucan dodges it easily. Fuck! I'm not on my game.

Coach gets out into the ring between us. "Alright, stop. Just stop, damn it." He grabs me by my helmet. "Kade, look at me. What the hell is wrong with you?" He studies my eyes, and then he hits my helmet. "You ass! You drank last night."

"Just a few," I grumble.

"A few is too many." He whirls around and barks at Lucan. "And you, pretty boy? You party with him?"

Lucan looks down.

"Damn it, guys. I don't know what the hell is going through your heads, but Friday's matches could determine the rest of your boxing careers. You don't have time for these bullshit parties unless you want to ruin everything." Coach keeps yelling and screaming as he storms off the ring.

I lean on the ropes and take my helmet off. Lucan comes to my side. "Kade, what's with you?" he asks. "I haven't seen you miss so many hits in… ever."

"What's with me?" I laugh. I'm thinking about Beau, thinking about playing with his ass again, thinking about how much I hate that little twerp for getting hot and fucking bothered like this. "Nothing is with me."

Lucan leans on the ropes. "Is it Beau?"

I glare at him. "No. Why the fuck would I care about him?"

"Shit, man. Just asking." Lucan looks forward, eyes narrowed. I can see his jaw flex through his cheeks as he clenches his teeth.

"I think you're gay for him." I lean off the ropes and punch my fists together. "Too bad he's not into you." I head back into the center of the ring.

Lucan pulls me back. "Hey! I'm not gay for anyone, asshole. Especially not that little pretty boy."

"Pretty boy?" I laugh. "Please, I bet you're thinking about his ass right now."

Lucan gets in my face. "And you, Kade? You seem to get pretty

defensive about Beau. Are you falling in love with him?"

I shove Lucan's chest. "Fuck no."

Lucan comes back at me and hits my chest. "Me, neither."

"Good."

"Good!"

We're right in each other's faces, so close we can out heated breaths. Adrenaline and testosterone are fucking flowing through our veins, all for one man… Beau. He's not even here and he's making us fight one another.

Coach stands on the sidelines. "You two girls gonna kiss or what?" He gets back onto the ring and pulls us apart. "Alright, you two shitheads, *this* is the kind of aggression I wanna see in the fight. Kade, put your helmet back on."

"Gladly." I put my helmet back on. I catch Lucan as he glares at me, ready to battle.

"And go!" Coach yells.

Me and Lucan lock horns again, and this time I won't miss a single punch.

LUCAN

In the locker room after practice, I undress and throw my sweaty gym clothes into my bag. The shower is already running around the corner. I throw a towel over my shoulder and walk in.

Kade is naked under the running water. He sees me, and he doesn't say a word.

I start my own hot water and keep my distance.

Both our bodies are bruised from sparring. We hit each other harder than we ever have. I have a bruise on my ribs. Kade has one under his jaw.

After a few minutes of quiet, Kade finally speaks up. "You threw a good fucking punch earlier, asshole."

I look back at him. "Yeah, you too, jackass." I stare at his body. It's easy to see why Beau would be attracted to Kade. Kade is broad and built, all muscle just like me; he's just got a more outgoing personality.

"What are you staring at?" Kade asks.

I look away fast. "Nothing."

Kade laughs. "Don't tell me that Beau is making *you* gay, too. What's up, man? Trying to get a mental picture of my cock and ass?"

I ignore him and lather up my chest and shoulders.

But Kade won't let it be. "Remember when we made Beau get naked in front of us?"

I clench my teeth, trying not to let him put that image back in my head. But I start to see Beau and how vulnerable he looked that morning. He seemed so nervous I wanted to hold him.

"Remember how great his butt looked?" Kade asks. "No, wait. You're not really a butt guy. What about his chest? His nipples, how hard they got?"

"Fuck," I whisper. I wash off my chest, keeping my back to Kade because my cock is starting to swell.

"Don't you remember, Lucan?"

"Shut up, asshole," I growl.

Kade struts over to me and grabs my arm. He spins me around and exposes my hard cock. "Well look at this shit! See! I knew it. You've got a hard-on for Beau."

"Fuck you, Kade!" I shove him back. I look down, and I see he has an erection, too. "Look who's talking."

Kade's expression goes from happy to furious. His eyebrows furrow and he lowers his head, keeping his gaze on me. "Stay away from Beau, you prick." He charges back at me.

We lock arms, our hot and wet bodies pressed against one another. Our hard cocks rub up against our bodies. We pant and grapple at one another to try and gain control. We groan a grunt. Kade pushes me, but I get some better footing and back him up until I have him pinned against the shower wall.

Kade tries to fight me off him, but I stand my ground. "I'll punch you in your rib, mother fucker," he threatens.

"Go ahead. I'll hit you under your jaw… bitch."

He wiggles against me, furious when I call him bitch, but after a moment his fight lessens. The angry tension between us starts to turn into something different, something neither of us understand.

Our eyes dart over one another. I've never noticed how full Kade's lips are. His skin is hot. His nipples harden. His cock is hard and full against mine. As his body wiggles, his cock rubs against me, sending twinges of pleasurable sensation through my groin.

His hand on my chest, and he was going to push me away, but now that we're warming up to one another, his fingers curl into my

flesh. He's getting a feel of my body, and he doesn't even notice he's doing it.

We press closer against one another.

My hand drifts to his waist. My heart pounding, my palm lands on his body. I let my hand fall lower and move around him, getting close to his butt. I'm about to squeeze, when he pushes me away.

"What the fuck?" Kade breathes in deep. "Dude, what the fuck are we doing?"

I stand back, my arousal exposed for him. And his cock stands up, too.

"I, I don't know," I answer.

Kade stands up straight and scowls. "We're never doing that shit again."

"Fine."

He shuts off his shower. "I don't know what the fuck is going on between you and Beau…" He walks past me and purposely runs into my shoulder as he leaves the showers. "But stay away from him, Lucan."

What the hell is going on with us, I ask myself. Kade and I have never acted like this, and we've definitely never tried to get a feel of each other's bodies like that. So what the hell is going on with us?

BEAU

"Beau DeLace," the audition coordinator announces.

After all this time, I'm finally auditioning for Julliard, the school of my dreams.

I feel like I'm about to throw up I'm so nervous. I stand up from my seat in the crowded hallway of the performance hall we're all auditioning in. I walk forward like I'm walking to my doom.

In the auditorium, there's three judges on the front row and behind them a sea of empty seats. The judges are cast in a darkness while the stage before them is glimmering in hot and bright stage light. I walk onto this stage and stand awkwardly next to the grand piano they have set up in the center.

"Where's your sheet music?" a lady judge asks.

I squint against the harsh stage light. "Uh, I don't have any."

"Playing from memory?" a male judge asks. "Interesting." Their voices are cold and condescending like I'm standing in court. "Proceed then, Mr. uh, Mr. DeLace. Don't waste our time."

“Right, yeah, sorry.” I can hardly breathe I’m so nervous. I sit down at the piano. My fingers shake when I try to rest them on the keys. I can hear my mother begging me to be careful going to New York. I can hear my brother telling me not to screw up. It feels like everything in my life has led down to this one moment, and I might just vomit instead if handling it.

I close my eyes, and I see Kade and Lucan. Suddenly, all the nerves disappear. Whatever it is about those two, thinking of them calms me down.

“Any day now, Mr. Delace,” the judge asks.

I take a deep breath, and I play.

~

“Holy hell, holy hell!” I’m shaking when I walk out of the performance hall. I did it. I played. I lost myself in the music, images of Kade and Lucan flying through my mind. Every trill and run of the keys was like a drug, coursing through my fingers. I’ve never played better. The judges were speechless. They only said one sentence: “We will see you at the second round, Mr. Delace.”

I can’t stop smiling ear to ear when I travel back to the apartment. The people on the subway must think I’m an idiot, but I don’t care.

I burst out of the elevator and onto the top floor. I can’t wait to tell Kade and Lucan the good news. I open the door, ready to burst, when I’m greeted by the sounds of their yelling.

“You fucking pervert!” Kade roars at Lucan. He’s shirtless and in jeans. He lunges at Lucan.

Lucan backs away. Kade gets a hold of and tears off Lucan’s shirt and drops it to the floor.

“Fucking asshole!” Kade lunges at Lucan and grabs him. He locks Lucan into a headlock and bends him over. “Coming in my bed?”

I run to them. “Kade, stop! Let him go!” I hit Kade on his back and shoulders, even though it doesn’t do much.

“Stay out of this, Beau!” Lucan yells.

But I muscle my way in between them and separate them. We all heave and get our breath. I keep my hands on their warm chests to

keep them apart.

"Of course," Kade growls. "You're trying to save your boyfriend, right Beau?"

"Boyfriend?" I ask.

Kade glares at Lucan. "Does he not know what you did last night?"

Lucan clenches his teeth.

"Lucan?" I gulp. What does Kade think happened?

"This fucker jacked off in my bed," Kade yells. He throws me out of the way. "I'm gonna beat his ass." He charges at Lucan.

They crash into one another and tumble to the floor. They throw fists. They yell and hit like two angry gorillas. And I'm the one that's making them fight.

No, I think. *No, don't spill the truth*. But my stomach is already turning over and I feel the nerves trailing all over me to the tips of my fingers. *Don't say it!*

"Fuck you, Kade." Lucan rolls him over and gets on top. He raises his fist. He's ready to punch Kade.

"It was me!" I blurt out.

They pause.

"Kade, I came in your bed."

"I already know that," they both say at once. Then they look at one another in confusion. "Huh?"

Lucan gets off Kade and they both stand. Their angry expressions turn on me. "Beau," Lucan says, "last night, did you…"

They look at each other. Their eyes widen when they realize it.

"Holy fuck," Kade sighs. He looks at me. "Beau, you fucked around with both of us!"

CHAPTER NINE

~

KADE

My blood is pumping so hard and fast it feels like my fucking veins are going to burst. Beau just stands there after we realize he did us both last night. He just stands there like a little twerp, too timid to say anything.

"You fucked both of us!" I roar. My fingers form fists.

Lucan lowers his head. "You gotta be kidding me."

"No, he's not." I step closer to Beau. "Look how red is face is getting. It's true isn't it, Beau?"

Beau can barely look me in the eye. "Yes," he mutters.

I can't help but let my anger explode. "You little fuck!" I charge at him.

But Lucan jumps in the way. "Back off, Kade!"

I stand back, still fuming. "Of course. So you two fuckers are in love, then."

"Apparently so are you," Lucan growls. He gets in my face. "You fucked him last night? You fucked my man?" He grabs my shoulders and pushes me back.

We head back and crash against the wall.

Beau runs to get in between us like always. "Guys, stop! Fucking stop!" He gets in between us, but he can't separate us this time. "Neither of you fucked me last night."

Lucan and I pause. The fucker keeps staring me down like a raging bull. "You didn't fuck him?"

"No. Did you?"

"Uh, what the hell did I just say?" Beau looks back and forth between us. He's smoothed between our massive bodies like it's a gay muscle sandwich. "Neither of you did. We just, messed around..."

I snap at Beau, now. "So this is your fault. You've been playing us." I stand up straight and press myself against Beau.

"Wait a second," Beau says nervously.

"You're right," Lucan growls. He presses himself against Beau. We surround and rub against him. "Beau, you're playing us, aren't you?"

"Is that what you want?" I ask. "To use us?" I grab at his nice sweater and tug. I pull him to my body and then throw him away to Lucan.

Lucan leans his head down, letting his lips brush against Beau's ear. "Use us for sex?"

“No, guys, wait.”

Beau can’t stop us beasts when we get a taste of something we like. And what we taste is Beau’s fear. I grab him and spin him around. Wrapping my arm around his chest, I hold his body against mine. “Maybe we should be pounding you instead of each other, huh Beau?”

Lucan presses his body against Beau’s. “That’s right. We should be fighting you.” He looks down. “Kade, he’s hard right now.”

“Let me go,” Beau whines.

“Are you hard?” I growl into his ear. I reach my hand down his stomach, about to reach beneath his belt.

He throws my hand away from him. “Stop it!”

“Isn’t this what you want, Beau?” I tease. “You want us both, right? You want both of our big dicks?” I start getting hard as I shove my crotch against his butt. “Bet you want both of us to play with your ass, right?”

“Fuck,” Beau whimpers. He tries to fight us.

Lucan grabs a hold of Beau’s wrists and holds them up at his chest.

“Lucan?” Beau whines.

“Don’t beg me for help now, Beau,” Lucan says in a deep voice. “Should’ve thought of that before you fucked Kade.”

“That’s right, twerp.” I grab in between Beau’s legs. His cock is hot and hard. I squeeze him.

Beau moans. “Fuck you guys.”

I grin. “That’s what you want, Beau. Both of us deep inside you.”

“No,” Beau whimpers. But he starts to writhe against us. He rubs his butt against me. It makes me throb in my jeans.

“Lucan you can go first.” I grope Beau on his butt and squeeze his cock. “You can fuck him and get him warmed up for the real dick.”

Lucan scowls at me. “The fuck is that supposed to mean?” He hits my shoulder.

I hit him back. “It means I’ve got the better dick, man!”

We start to fight again, and we let go of Beau. Beau takes the opportunity to slip out from us.

“You guys can go fuck yourselves,” Beau yells.

Lucan and I pause, our hands at each other’s throats.

Beau keeps his distance. He takes deep breaths. His face is still red and hot. His hair is messed up like his clothes.

Lucan backs away from me. “Fuck, man. What are we doing?”

I look at Beau. I look at Lucan. “You’re right, Lucan. What are we doing?” My lust turns back to anger. “I’ll tell you what I’m not doing, letting you two keep fucking me over.” I head to the door. I don’t care if I’m shirtless. I’ll take a walk outside anyway. “If you assholes wanna keep fucking behind my back, be my guest.” I leave them behind and slam the door shut.

LUCAN

Head low, I feel like fighting some more after Kade storms out. Beau looks me in the eyes, his damn gorgeous eyes. And they don’t seem to light up like they did before I found out the truth.

“Have you really been messing around with both of us?” I ask. I get closer to him.

Beau raises his hands and takes steps back. “Lucan, don’t hurt me.”

I corner him against the front door. “I don’t want to hurt you, Beau. I don’t even want to touch you right now.” I stare at him, his lips and the way they tremble. “No, that’s a lie. Beau, I want to touch you.” My cock is still hard for him. I almost put my hands on his body. “I want to take you again, have sex with you, but…” I hold myself back.

Beau breathes fast and heavy. “Lucan, I’m sorry.”

“Why did you do it? Why did you sleep with both of us?”

Beau hesitates. “Lucan, I don’t know. I just, it happened.”

I lower my head. “Alright then. But it’s not gonna happen again.” I move him out of the way and walk out.

CHAPTER TEN

~

BEAU

I lean on the bar at the Black Cat lounge while the blues music from the piano washes over me. Lucan and Kade haven't spoken to me since the fallout. They just wake up, go to the gym, go to work, come home and leave me alone. They try to pretend I'm not even there anymore, and it's torture.

"Beau?" Helen asks. "Honey, no offense, but you've been depressing to be around for two days."

"I fucked up, Helen. I really fucked up."

Helen rubs my back. "Honey, I'm sorry. I know you're hurting." She lays her head on my shoulder. "If only there was a way you could be with both guys…"

I perk up a little. Be with both Kade and Lucan? No, it could never happen. But maybe… It could never happen. That's what I tell myself when I get back to work.

KADE

Fuck them. Fuck Beau. Fuck Lucan. Fuck them! I never needed anybody in my life.

I hit the punching bag again and again. I hit it so hard I could bust it open. I hit it in the gym late at night after all the other guys have left already. "Fuck them!"

"Kade, damn it." Coach comes up to me. He's jingling his keys to the gym. "I gotta close up. Got a date tonight. Get your shit and wrap it up."

"Thought you said you wanted me to train as much as possible." I wipe some sweat from my forehead onto my forearm. "Train to kill, right Coach?"

Coach puts his hand on my shoulder and makes me step away from the bag. "Kade, you been here all day for the past two days. When you're not at your shitty job you're here until I have to lock the doors. It's almost midnight, you maniac. Go home and rest. You're no good in a fight if you're burned out."

My apartment is the last place I want to go back to, but I leave the gym and head towards the subway to go home.

I wish I could shake that sexy little fucker from my head, but Beau stays there and teases me, even when I'm just thinking about him.

"Maybe I shouldn't have yelled at him…" I see my reflection on the subway train. What's happening to me? Before Beau, I was cocky and

unstoppable. I knew what I wanted and nothing was going to get in my way.

But now, all I can think about is Beau. He makes Lucan slip into my mind, too. I start wondering if Lucan was better than me, if Beau liked his cock more.

Great, now I'm thinking about Lucan's cock. I shrug. It's actually a pretty nice dick. No, wait! What the fuck is wrong with me?

I can't take staying away from Beau anymore. I get off the subway, and I head to the Black Cat to catch him at work.

LUCAN

My body aches, and I'm drenched in sweat, but I keep jogging through the city streets. I'll keep jogging all night if I have to, anything to keep Beau out of my mind. But no matter how far I run, how loud I blast the rock music in my headphones, I can't stop thinking about him.

I stop jogging near Woodsboro Park. I lean on my knees and breathe in the cool Autumn air. As I catch my breath, Beau slips back into my mind. "What the hell is he doing to me?" I whisper.

Before Beau, I was in control of my own life. Kade was the only friend I needed. But now, I feel on edge.

"Fuck," I groan. I start walking. I start thinking about Beau with Kade. Was Kade better than me? Was he rougher? Is that how Beau likes It?

I start imagining them on top of each other, fucking. I stop walking. I'm getting hard thinking about them. What is wrong with me?!

The Black Cat Lounge isn't far from here. I start jogging again. I'm going to tell Beau to choose between me and Kade!

BEAU

The Black Cat is empty and quiet since Jonsey called out. The usual crowd didn't show up tonight for one reason or another, and Helen has a date, so she's already gone. This leaves me alone at the bar to cover the shift until we close at one. All I have to do is avoid the creepy advances from Frank and I'll be good.

I go to the piano and try and distract myself from thinking about Lucan and Kade. I strum the keys, a gentle song. I even hum a little. But those handsome faces spill back into my mind and I can't stop thinking about them, the way they looked at me, the way they wanted

me... My body starts to get hot.

"Cut that shit out." It's Frank. He's leaning on the bar and staring at me. He looks extra sleazy tonight with tight purple pants and an undershirt that clings to his lumpy frame. "Get over here, Beau. Thought I told you to polish these glasses until they sparkle."

I take a deep breath, getting angry. Frank is grating the rest of my patience, and one of these nights I'm just going to hit him. I walk towards the bar and raise my voice. "Just because Helen's grandfather is taking the night off doesn't make you the boss, Frank."

Frank licks his lips. His eyes stay on me the whole time I walk behind the bar. "Sure it does, boy." He sets a glass down in front of me. "See how dirty this is? Get to it."

I take the glass and inspect it. "It's an old glass, Frank. There's no way it could get cleaner than this."

He wears an evil smile when he walks behind me. "Of course it can. So get on it or I'll get you fired, boy." He squeezes my ass.

I jolt around and slap him. "Back the hell off me, Frank!"

He grabs me and spins me around. He slams me against the bar. The glass slips from my hand and shatters on the floor. He presses against me and gropes me.

"Mmmm, that's right," he says, "try and fight me, boy. That's what I like."

I try to turn around. He keeps me pinned to the bar. I fight off his grip, and when I finally turn around he slaps me across the face. Stunned, I let him get his hands back on me.

"If you try and wiggle away from me, boy, you'll never get a job here again, understand? Just let me have what I want." He puts his hand just beneath my throat.

The front door opens. I turn my head and see two handsome men I never expected to walk in here. Lucan and Kade. They take one look at Frank attacking me. Their rage takes over.

"Hey!" Kade barks.

Lucan sprints across the room to the bar. They leap over the counter.

Frank lets me go and backs away. "Whoa, guys. Easy now. Me and him were just messing around."

"The fuck you were," Kade says.

Lucan grabs Frank before he can get away. Together, they slam

Frank down, bending him over the counter.

"Beau, who is this?" Lucan asks.

I rub my throat. "A dirtbag."

"This is the last time you ever step foot in here, Beau!" Frank yells.

Lucan presses Frank's face down against the bar. "Shut up, asswipe."

"Where's your boss, Beau?" Kade asks.

I cough. "Took the night off."

"Good," Kade barks. "So no one will mind if we do this!"

They pick Frank up and toss him over the other side of the bar.

Frank scrambles to his feet. He starts to shake like a frightened dog.

"Fuck it," Lucan says. "Let's just beat his ass."

The angry studs jump over the counter. Frank tucks his tail and scampers out of the bar fast. Lucan and Kade stand near the door and watch him run.

"Yeah get the fuck outta here!" Kade yells.

I can't help but smile. I feel my face getting hot and my stomach flutters with butterflies, the good kind when you're near someone you really, really like.

Kade and Lucan come back to the bar. I realize they're both hot and sweaty and dressed in drenched workout clothes.

"You okay?" Lucan asks.

Kade scowls at Lucan just for asking. "He's fine, Lucan. I took care of him."

"*You* took care of him, Kade?" Lucan raises his voice.

They puff up their chests. Once again, these alphas are ready to fight one another... And it's for my attention.

"Guys, stop it," I tell them.

They take deep breaths, barely able to keep their distance from one another.

I wear a sly, twinkling grin and look both of them in their handsome faces. "You both took care of me." My face must be blushing pink because I can feel it. "Thank you."

~

Lucan and Kade wait the last hour for me to close. They avoid one another and hardly speak to me. I close the bar and get on the street with them.

They walk on either side of me. Two built guys escorting me home; if I wore panties they'd have already been dropped.

We get into our apartment building. The elevator doors slowly open.

Kade is about to step on, but Lucan puts his arm out and stops him. "Hey, let Beau go first."

"Get off me, asshole!" Kade shoves Lucan's hand away. He lowers his voice and speaks calmly to me. "Beau," he motions his head to the elevator. "Get on."

I step into the elevator. I am a little nervous to get into such a tight space with all this tense muscle and testosterone. Kade and Lucan get in with me.

We're silent, almost the whole squeaky elevator ride to the top floor. Lucan presses the E brake and we stop.

"What the fuck, man?" Kade asks.

Lucan looks down. "Beau..." His voice is deep, serious. "You need to choose."

A lump forms in my throat. I didn't expect this.

"Between me and Kade," Lucan says. "You need to choose."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

~

Lucan really just asked it, I think. *He asked me to choose between him and Kade.*

I can't say a word. I just stand there like an idiot, a tongue-tied idiot between them.

"Lucan," Kade groans. "Fuck off, man, and leave him alone." He presses the button to make the elevator rise again. But when he looks down, he bites his lip in an anxious kind of way - like he also wants me to choose.

Lucan keeps his fists at his sides. For the rest of the ride, he's silent. We all are.

On the top floor, I get out fast and try to breathe slow and deep. "Fuck," I whisper. I just want to get away from them.

"Beau, wait," Kade calls after me.

I stop. I turn around, my body stiff with fear of just looking at them.

Kade and Lucan stare back at me. Kade runs his fingers through his hair, and he sighs. "Beau, I want you to choose, too."

I gulp.

"So," Lucan says, "who do you want?"

I just stare at them. How can I choose? Kade makes me feel fiery, a red flame kind if lust. Lucan makes me calm and cherished, a deep lust and longing. "Guys, I..."

They wait for me to answer.

"I can't. Kade, Lucan, I feel strong about you both. I'm sorry. I won't choose."

They don't answer me. They just look at me, making me want to crumble. They stare at each other in anger.

"Fuck this," Kade says. He walks past me and to the doorway to the rooftop. He slams the door behind him.

Lucan waits. He approaches me, opens his mouth like he might talk, but he goes past me to the door. "Fuck you, Beau."

My heart aches terribly. My lip quivers. *Don't cry*, I scream in my head. *Don't fucking cry!*

I follow them onto the rooftop. They don't hear me stand just beyond the old doorway. They don't notice me watching them.

They stand at the edge of the roof and look out over the city lights.

"He can't choose between us," Kade grumbles. "Bullshit."

“Don’t talk about him like that,” Lucan says. “He’s not used to this kind of thing. None of us are.”

I open my mouth. I’m about to speak up, say anything that’ll make things right between the three of us.

“Let’s ask him to leave,” Lucan says. “We tried this, man. And it’s just too much to deal with right now. It’d be fair to all of us if we just ask him to leave.”

Kade nods. “You’re right. Let’s kick him out tonight.”

My knee buckles beneath me. I almost fall, but I catch myself. They hear my feet scrape across the concrete. They turn and face me, and I can hardly face them.

“You know what?” My voice shakes. “I’ll be out tomorrow. And neither of you have to worry about me again!” I storm back down to the hallway.

I can’t stand going back to their apartment. I won’t have it. I go to the elevator. I go outside to the street. I keep walking. I have no idea where I’m going, what I’m doing, but I keep walking.

CHAPTER TWELVE

~

KADE

"Fuck you, fuck you!" My fists are raw I'm hitting the punching bag so hard. My fight is tomorrow, and I refuse to lose without a war. I stop hitting the bag and take a breather.

Coach is talking to Lucan. Lucan is taking a break from sparring. I want to punch him out. He ruined everything with Beau, that sexy little twerp. "Fuck him," I whisper. I take off my gloves and sit on the bench near the weights.

Lucan comes to sit beside me. Two sweaty brutes on one bench. We smell like musk and body odor, testosterone spewing from us.

"Ready for tomorrow?" I ask. My tone is harsh and deep.

"Yeah," Lucan answers. "You?"

"Of fucking course."

We lean on our knees and stare forward.

"Heard from Beau?" Lucan asks.

I laugh, playing it off like I don't care about Beau. "Screw him. Why would I want to hear from him?"

Lucan shrugs. "Because he left our apartment in the middle of the night last night and he could be in trouble somewhere."

"Shut up, Lucan." I sit back. "He wanted to leave. So he left. You even said it. It's better this way." I get back up, ready to spar and train. "All we gotta think about is the fight. Not that little twerp." I look him in the eye. "All we have is fighting, remember? That's all we've ever had, ever since we were in that fucking foster home in Texas." I extend my hand to him. "All we've got is each other and fighting. Fuck everyone else."

"Right." Lucan takes my hand, and he gets up with me and gets ready to spar. "Let's forget him."

But both of us have that twinge of sadness in our voice. Sure, all we've ever had is fucking fighting, but Beau is something more than that. Out of everyone in my life, he makes me feel different, like I'm more than just a pair of fists and a cocky attitude. He sees me for more than that, and I'm sure Lucan gets the same feeling from him. But being with Beau is impossible, so we just keep fighting.

LUCAN

I pull back the ropes and step into the boxing ring to spar with Kade. He's ready to fight. He's always been ready to fight.

My blood starts pumping harder. My eyes narrow, teeth clenched

and fists up.

Fighting, I think. He's right. Fighting is all me and him have ever had. And it's all we will ever have. We can't let Beau get in the way of that for us.

During lunch, I shower and leave the gym for a while to clear my head. My stomach is in knots, nervous about tomorrow's fight. My whole boxing career rests on this. I'm not Kade. I don't have the blind cocky arrogance to carry me through. I need something more to fight for, or maybe someone… someone like Beau. Maybe I could fight for both him and Kade.

BEAU

"Do you think it was stupid to walk out like that?" I stand in front of the bathroom mirror at Helen's apartment. It's a small apartment, the kind of shabby studio place where one has to side-step from the toilet if they want to get to the shower. I slept in her bathtub last night because she doesn't have any other spare room, and her bed is almost too small even for her. "I should've stayed as long as I could, right? Because now I'm just an inconvenience to you."

Helen is curling her hair in her bedroom.

I walk in and lean against the doorway. It's cold in her apartment because she doesn't like to pay too much for electric. I'm wrapped up in jeans, a shirt and a thick sweater over it.

"Beau you're not wrong." Helen puts the curled down and puts on mascara. "Those two brutes would've ended up throwing your things down the hall when they kicked you out. You know why? Because they're morons. They're nothing but beef-head morons, and you were right to leave." Done with her makeup, she squeezes past me and heads to her kitchen room, which is also her living room. "So, what's your plan today? Don't suppose you're going to clean my apartment for me?"

I laugh a little. "No. Wish I could, but uh…" I look at the hurricane mess of Helen's apartment. It's the stereotypical artist's cave, things cluttered around and in between paintings and sculptures and other pieces she's working on. And on top of the piles are musical scores she practices on her auditions for Broadway. "I have to find a new job. Ever since what happened with Frank, I just don't feel right working at the Black Cat anymore."

"Beau I'm sorry about that. He's such an idiot."

I shake my head. “No, it’s okay. I brought on too much trouble anyway. It seems to be all I’m good at lately, starting trouble. So I got to find a new job.”

Helen rubs my cheek. “Will you be alright?”

I nod. I take a deep, nervous breath. “Yeah, I will be. I know I’ll be okay.” But I’m not so sure...

~

At a temp agency office, my knee shakes while I wait anxiously across the cluttered desk of a woman who seems so frazzled she might have an anxiety attack right in front of me. “Okay,” she says, unable to look up from her mountain of paperwork. “So, no college experience. No major work experience. You worked where? Oh right, in a bar. Uh, great. Okay. Let’s see what we can do.”

And I thought I was a nervous wreck, I think. I wait as patient as I can, feeling like she’s about to decide the rest of my future. I go over one of my audition pieces, trying to hear all the notes and subtitles.

One more audition, I think. *One more audition and I’m in!* But then I start thinking about Kade and Lucan. Bastards. If I didn’t leave they would’ve kicked me out. Bastards. Big, beautiful bastards. Big, beautiful bastards with big, hard... I bite my lip, letting my thoughts get away with me.

“Here you go.” The frazzled woman throws a sheet of paper at me.

I jump. I barely catch the paper before it hits the floor.

“That’s your job,” she says. “Have fun!”

“But, what is this?”

“Get out, please.” She doesn’t look up from her papers. “Next!”

I step out of the office and back onto the street. “This is fine,” I tell myself. “I can do this. I can do anything.” I look at the job she’s assigned me, too.

Ticket taker. Event: Tough Gloves Boxing Match. The Russian Ring.

My stomach drops. I have to work at the same boxing match Kade and Lucan will be fighting in. “You gotta be kidding me!”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

~

KADE

My lip bleeds. My eye is swollen. I'm drenched in sweat and heaving, but I fucking won.

It's Friday night, the boxing night that could have changed mine and Lucan's careers. And it did for me because I beat my opponent near to a pulp. Maybe all of that angry rage Beau made me feel was good for something.

Coach pulls me back to the ropes at the edge of the ring. The crowd goes wild. Cheering and booing. Someone even throws a drink at me. I yell back at them, "Fuck you, asshole!" I raise my arms and strut back and forth. This match is mine. I fucking owned it.

"You did good, kid," Coach tells me. "Real good. And the scouts were definitely impressed."

I see three old men in suits sitting near the front. They talk to each other and keep their eyes on me. *They want me*, I think. They want me to fight for them. They have to.

I leave the ring. Back in the hallways, I head to the changing rooms where I expect to have one of the ring girls waiting for me. That's what I want right now, hot pussy. If the sexiest human alive, Beau, is gone, then I'll go back to women.

I pass Lucan. He's got his shorts and gloves on, ready to fight after me. I stop him and grab him by the shoulders. "Fucking kill him, man!"

Lucan, eyes filled with fury and fight, growls back at me. "Get the fuck out of my way."

"Yeah!" I roar as I watch him head to the crowd and the ring. "That's what I wanna hear!"

Lucan is angry. This is good. This is how he is before he obliviates his fight.

I turn around, ready to finally see the skin of a ring girl near my changing room door, only I run into the little twerp. "Beau." I freeze.

He stands still, his eyes wide because he's just as shocked to see me. He's wearing tight jeans and a polo, uniform shirt that says EVENT STAFF. And fuck, the shirt fits him well. He's turned to the side a little, so I get a glance at his tight butt.

"Hey," he finally says. He hunches over, nervous.

"What are you doing here?" I get closer. "Event staff? Didn't know you were working the fight." I stand right in front of him, tempted to

put my hands on him. My blood starts pumping faster just to be near him.

"Yeah, just little stuff." Beau licks his pretty lips. "One of the ring girls wanted to meet you after your fight. So uh, so I had to lead her to your changing room."

"A ring girl, huh?" I get even closer and lower my voice. "Good, because I need some fucking release after a fight like that if you know what I mean."

He gulps. "Uh, yeah. It's pretty obvious." His eyes are down, looking at my shorts.

I notice my erection growing against my shorts. It gets harder when I stare at Beau. "Fuck." I look back into his scared eyes.

"Well she's waiting for you." Beau fidgets nervously. He looks away, taking quick glances back into my eyes. "So get your release." He goes to move around me.

I step in his way. "Maybe I'd rather get my release with you." I look and right. No one's watching. I lean in close to Beau. "You could sneak away for twenty minutes, couldn't you?"

Beau's chest swells as he takes a deep breath. His face turns a shade of pink. He bites on his bottom lip, and from the glance he steals of my hardening cock I know he wants it. But he turns away from me. "Good job winning your fight, Kade. You earned it." He gets away from me.

I'm hard when I watch him walk down the hallway. "Damn it," I say under my breath.

Coach comes into the hallway, and he doesn't notice Beau walk past him. Coach hurries to me with a wide smile on his face. "The scouts are already talking about you, Kade. You did fucking great! I gotta go watch Lucan fight. What are you doing? Get in your room and enjoy the ring girl that asked for you!"

In the changing room, there's a ring girl all over me. She's dressed in tight shorts and a thin bikini bra. She's hot. She's horny. I could take her to bed easier than punching a blind man, but I don't want her.

What the fuck is wrong with me, I think. All I want right now is Beau. The way he looked at me. The way he bit his lips in that tantalizing way. Fuck, I want to pin him against the wall and fuck his brains out.

No, he's nothing to me! But he is something to me. All these other people. The ring girl in my lap and the other groupies waiting outside, they just like me for the fame. But Beau, he's different.

He wants me for me. *Fuck him*, I think. I don't need him. But right now, even after I've won my fight, Beau is all I want.

LUCAN

Before a fight I feel like I could murder a man and not feel a damn thing - I get that angry and amped up. But that's the way I have to be if I want to win.

I stand in the corner of the ring. In front of a roaring crowd. Coach is just outside it. My opponent is a heavy weight meat head with a shaved head and an ugly snake tattoo over his jaw. His gloves are up. He's ready to kill.

My gloves go up. I'm ready to destroy him.

"This is it, kid!" Coach hollers. "The scouts are watching! Tear him apart!"

The bell rings.

We go to war.

~

It's seven rounds in. My body is on fire with adrenaline. I've only taken two hits, one to my stomach and the other to my chin. I'm wearing this bald bastard out. When I'm done with him, he won't even have that snake tattoo left.

"Lucan, what are you doing?" Coach asks. He squirts water into my mouth from the side of the ring. I sit against the ropes. "Take this guy out already. You've hardly thrown a damn punch."

"I know," I growl. My eyes fix on my opponent. The bald bastard sneers back at me. He's panting. He's exhausted. Good, right where I want him.

Then, just behind him, I see the last man I expected to see here. Beau.

Beau stands near the front row with an EVEN STAFF shirt on. His eyes lock on mine, and he freezes. Damn those eyes, stopping me dead in my tracks.

The bell rings for the eighth round.

"Lucan, what are you doing?" Coach screams.

The bald bastard lands a hit on my jaw, sending me spiraling back. I hit the ropes and bounce back. My head spinning, I come back with fury and swing.

I miss.

I catch Beau watching me with terrified eyes. His hand covers his mouth.

But I got to win now. Win for him. I spin around, revved and racing. I dodge a hit. I duck a swing. I uppercut the bald bastard and send him spinning back to the mat. He's out cold.

The ref calls it. "One, two, three, four...!"

Coach runs onto the ring and raises my hand. He cheers like the rest of the crowd. I've won. My heart's pounding. Not just because I won. But because I catch Beau still watching me, and the way he looks at me... I almost want to kiss him.

BEAU

"Damn it," I whisper. I can't help but clutch my half-hard cock through my jeans because I can't stop thinking about Kade and Lucan. I know I shouldn't want them, but watching them win their boxing matches, seeing their muscles sweat and swing... I'd bend over faster for them faster than they could count to one.

I wait near the hallway to the changing rooms. I wait for the security to look the other way, and I sneak past them. It's after the matches are over, but I don't have a hot ring girl with me, so they don't want me back there.

I sneak to the changing room. A big, bad security guard rounds the corner, about to see me. I sneak into Kade and Lucan's room fast and shut the door.

It's quiet inside, and I take a deep breath to relax, and when I turn around I see both of them already getting out of their boxing shorts. "Hey..." My heart is going to pound out of my chest.

They stop and stare at me. Kade has just slipped off his shorts. Naked, cock swinging freely, he holds his shorts and stares at me. He smirks. "Thought you'd come around for this dick eventually."

Lucan glares at him. "Shut up, Kade. Beau, what are you doing?" He keeps his shorts up, but just barely over the defined lines at the bottom of his chiseled, sweaty stomach. The shape of his cock appears

through his shorts.

“Isn’t it obvious, man?” Kade throws his shorts in his bag. His cock swells as he smiles flirtatiously at me. “He came to suck our dicks and congratulate us.”

Lucan shoves Kade against the locker. He approaches me with a sexy, confident strut. The scowl on his face is intimidating. It makes me melt. It makes want to ride that scowl into a smile. “Beau, what are you doing here? Is this your new job?”

“Yeah,” I answer timidly.

“The matches are over, Beau.” Lucan puts his arm beside me and leans on the wall. “So what are you doing back here? I thought, I thought the three of us were done.”

“Yeah, sure.” I bite my lip, trying not to lick Lucan’s body with my eyes. But I’m craving what’s underneath his loose-fitting shorts. “I just wanted to get back here and say congratulations. To both of you.”

Lucan backs away. He and Kade look at one another.

It’s silent between us. Almost too silent to bear. Finally, Kade breaks the quiet. “So, you *do* want our dicks?”

I turn red in the face. Even Lucan busts a laugh.

“Fuck this drama, guys.” Kade grabs a towel from his locker. “How do you feel about getting some drinks?”

Lucan nods. He looks my way. “Beau?”

I smile. “Yeah.”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

~

BEAU

Kade and Lucan take me to a rowdy sports bar in the south part of the city. Their treated like gods when we walk through the door. They cheer and roar through the clouds of smoke and drunk men that topple over one another at the chance to shake Jades and Lucan's hands.

"Who's this dweeb?" one drunk man asks with his hairy hand on my chest.

I back away. My hands shake. I must seem out of place in a bar like this. "What are you doing here, pretty boy?" the drunk man asks.

Kade shoves him back. "He's with us!"

Lucan gets in between me and the crowd like a wall of intimidating muscle. "Back up."

They get me to their favorite booth at the back of the bar. Here, everyone leaves us alone.

"You should feel very special right now, Beau," Kade tells me.

"Why?"

Lucan sits down across from me. "No one ever sits in this booth with us when we're here."

Kade sits next to me. He casually puts his arm around me on the booth and grins. "Unless they're fucking hot."

I bite my lip and try not to show my flattery. "You're full of it."

Lucan brushes his leg against mine under the table. "Don't worry about him. If he gets out of control I'll save you." Lucan is too serious of a person to smile flirtatiously like Kade does, but his lips curl at the edges, and his eyes light up when he looks my way.

Damn it, I think. *I'm gonna have to hold onto this table or these guys will make me melt right here!* I feel sheepish. I feel shy. But I like it.

A waitress approaches us. She's wearing tight, short shorts and a tight black shirt that makes her breasts look three times their size. Her wonder bra holds them up so high it seems they're going to hit her in the chin. She's a sexy, curvy woman, any man's fantasy, and she knows Kade and Lucan well. "Hey boys," she says in an airy, seductive tone. "Heard about the fight tonight. Good jobs guys."

They smile back at her. "Thanks Gina," Lucan says.

"And who's this handsome young man? Your brother?" She winks at me.

You're barking up the wrong tree Gina, I think.

Kade and Lucan stare at one another awkwardly, unsure how to answer. “Uh,” Kade says, “this is uh…”

“He’s a good friend, Gina,” Lucan says calmly. “A real good friend.” He locks eyes with me and nods.

“Well alright then. Any friend of Kade and Lucan’s is a friend of mine.” She reaches around Kade and rubs my shoulder. “What are you drinking, big guy?”

Kade almost bursts out in laughter. He lowers his head and keeps it to himself.

I bite my tongue.

Lucan is the only one able to keep it together. “Three of the usual, Gina, please.”

“You got it.” When she walks away, she makes sure her hips swing left and right so Kade and Lucan can follow after her with their eyes.

I just roll my eyes. “Ugh, straight guys.”

“She still has that ass, doesn’t she?” Kade says.

Lucan clears his throat and stops staring. “Kade, shut up. Beau probably doesn’t want to hear it.”

I shrug. “I really don’t care. Guys stare all the time. Even gay guys. We just stare at different things.” Lucan and I lock eyes again, and this time there’s a flirty connection between us – eyes narrowed, licking lips and checking out the detailed features of each other’s faces. Even beat up a little, Lucan is damn gorgeous.

“Alright, alright.” Kade shoves me. “Stop eye-fucking each other. I wanna know something, Beau. Where did you end up last night? You know, after you ran away from us?”

“At a friend’s.” I lean on the table, feeling more comfortable now in this bar with these two handsome fighters. “She let me crash there, and she’s going to let me keep crashing there.” I glance back and forth between them. “Why? Did you two miss me or something?”

They’re quiet. Then, they answer at the same time.

“Yes,” Lucan says.

“Fuck no!” Kade says, but his overzealousness makes his lie easy to see through.

I laugh at them. “You guys totally missed me, didn’t you?” I drum my fingers on the table and lower my voice. “Or maybe you just missed the sex-”

“Here you boys go!” Gina says as she sets down three glasses of

straight, brown whiskey. Next to them she drops off three bottles of dark beer. “God knows you boys earned it tonight.”

Kade and Lucan sit up a little straighter and avoid eye contact with me now that she’s back.

I sigh. Of course, this busty waitress has to steal their attention away from me.

She puts her hand on Kade’s shoulder and massages him. “Kade, baby. You’re so tense. What are you doing tonight? Maybe I could help you relax.”

My eyes narrow at her. *Back off him! He’s mine!*

Kade smiles back at her like it’s instinct. “I don’t know, baby. Don’t know my plans just yet.”

She leans down and whispers something into his ear. I see Kade’s eyes widen. I can almost see the brain cells spilling out of his head as this busty woman is probably offering him a good screw or at least oral. It makes me clench my fist on the table.

I catch Lucan staring at me. He looks down at my fist. He breaks a hint of a smile and turns away.

“Let me know, Kade.” Gina walks away again, swinging her curves like a fishing lure for these guys.

“Fuck,” Kade sighs, watching her go. He turns back to me and sees the anger in my eyes. “Whoa.” He laughs. “Beau, don’t tell me you’re getting jealous.”

“I think he is,” Lucan says.

“Whatever.”

Kade puts his arm back around me. “Don’t worry, little twerp. You’re still my favorite.” He leans in closer. “Her ass has nothing on yours, Beau.”

“Kade!” Lucan says.

But Kade is quick to change the subject. “Alright, alright.” He grabs his whiskey glass. “I want to ask Beau something.”

“Okay…” I’m hesitant, but then again I’m trapped in the booth so I have to listen.

“Beau, I think Lucan and I both would be okay if you came back to the apartment. For now, anyway.”

I breathe a little faster. I look to Lucan. “Do you?”

Lucan nods. “We feel shitty that you felt you had to leave like that. It’s not right of us, not after everything your family has done for us.”

He looks down shyly, wrapping his fingers around his whiskey glass. “Plus, we uh, we liked having you around.”

“And if you come back,” Kade says, “it’ll just be a friends thing between the three of us.” He talks quieter. “No more sex. No more screwing around. We promise. Hands off.”

I hesitate. No more sex. No more screwing around. They can say this, but the burning temptation will still be there. I grab my whiskey glass. “Okay. Let’s do it.”

We down our whiskeys. Kade and Lucan handle it better, but I cough as the whiskey burns my throat. They laugh at me. Kade pulls me closer and rubs my shoulder. “Welcome back, little twerp.”

KADE

We’ve each had another shot of whiskey and we’re working on our second round of beers. The bar is still crowded, but we keep the booth to ourselves like always. I’m feeling the liquor sure, a little tipsy, but I’m not that drunk. It’s a good excuse to act sloppy next to Beau, though. “Come on, man.” I grab his knee and squeeze. “You’ve never wanted to try sky diving?”

Beau shakes his head. “Hell no! I don’t want to jump out of a damn plane!”

“But the rush would be fucking awesome.” I’m leaning a little too close to him. My hands are hot for his body. It’s reckless. I know we just agreed to only be friends, but Beau is too pretty to ignore. “That’s one of the best parts of life, right? The fucking rush.”

Beau hesitates. I see his lips. I see his eyes look at my lips, and he bites on his bottom lip in that innocent kind of “come-get-me” way. But he pulls back. He downs the rest of his beer. “I gotta piss. Kade, let me out.”

“Maybe I like you right here.”

“Kade!”

I scoot out of the seat for him. “As you wish.”

Beau slides out of the booth fast. Lucan and I watch him fight through the crowd and head straight for the bathroom.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Lucan asks. “Twenty minutes ago we agreed we weren’t going to do this.”

“Relax.” I shrug it off. “I’m just playing around. It’s nothing serious.”

“It’s bothering him.”

“How do you know?”

“I just, know.” Lucan takes another drink of his beer. He leans forward on the table, stiff and tense. I can even see his jaw clenching.

“Jesus, man,” I sigh. “Look at you. So serious. So pent-up.” I stare at him, taking a sip of beer, studying him. “You’re fucking thinking about him, aren’t you?”

Lucan’s quiet.

“You’re thinking about Beau. You’re thinking about fucking Beau.”

Lucan flinches, but he doesn’t disagree.

“So am I.” I take another drink.

“You’re drunk,” Lucan groans.

“Maybe, but at least I’m honest. I told you this wasn’t going to work. I told you we wouldn’t be able to hold back from him.”

“I can hold back.” Lucan takes another drink, fast and nervous, slamming his bottle back on the table.

“Sure.” I take a drink, and I smile because I know I see past Lucan’s thin little lie about his restraint. “We both want him, Lucan. There’s no denying it.” I lean back coolly. The music is loud enough, so I don’t bother speaking quietly. “There’s no way about it, man. If he comes back and stays with us, we’re going to fuck him.” I pause. “Just like back in Texas.”

Lucan raises an eyebrow. “What do you mean, back in Texas?”

“I never told you, man. Remember that summer we went back to Texas and stayed at Beau’s place?”

“Yes…”

“Me and Beau, that’s the uh, that’s the first time we hooked up.” I raise my eyes, cautiously. “That’s when I started falling for that sexy motherfucker.”

Lucan scowls.

I laugh. “Are you *that* mad about it?”

“That summer was the first time that *I* hooked up with Beau.”

I laugh out loud. “Well shit. What do you know? It seems we’ve been fighting over Beau for years and we never even knew it.” I lick my lips. “You know what that means right? We have to punish him for lying to us. We gotta fuck him.”

Lucan’s eyes widen as he stares behind me, but he doesn’t speak up.

“We’re gonna fuck him and that’s that.” I take a cool, last drink of

my beer. I notice Lucan staring behind me. “What are you-” I turn around to see Beau standing just behind me.

Beau frowns at me. His face turns red. “Asshole!” He digs into his pockets and pulls out enough cash for his drinks. “Should’ve known then. I’m just a piece of ass to both of you.” He throws the cash on the table and heads for the exit.

“Fuck,” I sigh.

Lucan and I throw our cash on the table and chase after him.

“Kade?” Gina calls after me as I leave. “Kade? What about tonight?”

I answer her in a way I’ve never answered any wanting woman before. “Sorry, no!”

LUCAN

Beau walks ahead of us on the sidewalk. He’s trying to get to the subway entrance as fast as he can, trying to escape me and Kade as we follow behind him.

“Beau!” I call out. “Beau, wait.” I catch up to him first and grab his arm.

He spins around and yanks his arm away from me. “Let me go!”

“Calm down,” I tell him.

“You don’t tell me what to do!”

Kade stands on the other side of Beau. “Beau, I didn’t mean it. I was just messing around.”

Beau shoves both of us away from him. “Of course, you were. Well fuck off. I’m *not* messing around, and I’m not going to back to your apartment either.” He heads for the subway entrance.

Kade jumps in his way. “Beau, come on. Please, just stop walking.” When Beau doesn’t stop, Kade raises his voice, “When were you going to tell us you slept with both of us in Texas?”

Beau freezes.

We stand still. We keep our distance not to run him off.

Beau faces us, head low, angry and ashamed. “I, guys I, I didn’t think you’d want to know about that.”

I approach him. “Beau, it’s fine. We’re okay with it. After everything that’s happened so far between the three of us, I think we can live with it. I just want you to be honest with us.”

Kade steps up beside me. “We both want you to be honest.”

But Beau isn’t easy with this. He’s trembling, and not just because

of the cool air in the evening. “Guys, I, this is just too much. I can’t.” And before we can catch him, he’s gone.

~

My muscles ache under the steaming water of a shower back in our apartment that night. After I wash, I stand under the water, replaying what happened with Beau over and over again in my head.

“We really fucked up,” I whisper to myself. “We fucked up and he’s not gonna come back.”

Out of the shower, I walk naked through the apartment to the fridge where I grab another beer. I see the clock on the wall reads it’s near one in the morning.

Kade is on the couch, wearing nothing and drinking another beer. He watches TV with a scowl on his face. The TV is quiet. The whole apartment seems too quiet without Beau here.

I speak up. “Kade? Was it just about sex with you and Beau?”

“What kind of stupid fucking question is that?” he grumbles.

I sit on the other end of the couch near him. “It’s a good question, asshole. So, was it just about sex?”

Kade sighs. “No.” He takes a drink. He looks my way. “You?”

I shake my head. “No.”

“Beau’s different from anyone we’ve ever known.” Kade takes another drink. “And I think we fucked it up.”

“Yeah, we did.”

Kade raises his bottle. “Fighting is all we got, right?”

I clink my bottle to his. “Fighting is all we got.”

Just as we take our last drink, there’s a knock on the door.

Kade doesn’t bother getting up. “Who the fuck is that?”

“How the hell should I know?” I look through the peephole. My heart starts pounding. “No way!” I swing the door open. “Beau?”

Beau freezes when he notices I’m naked. His eyes go straight to my cock. “For God’s sake, Lucan, do you ever wear clothes here?”

For the first time in my life I feel bad for exposing myself like this to someone. I cover my hands over my cock and balls and stammer. “Beau, sorry, uh, what are you doing, here?”

He looks away, after stealing one more glance at my body. “Damn it, I forgot what I was gonna say. Can I come in?”

“Of course!”

The second that Beau walks in, Kade jumps up from the couch in excitement. “Beau!”

Beau lowers his head and covers his eyes. “Damn it, guys! Both of you?”

“What?” Kade shrugs, unaware his dangling cock is distracting. He looks down. “Oh shit, yeah. Uh, here.” He runs to the hallway, and he comes back with two towels for him and me.

We wrap towels around our waists, and we’re careful to keep our distance from Beau.

Beau looks at us. “Huh.” He folds his arms, his hunched posture showing his timidity. “I’m surprised you both covered up. I figured my opinion wouldn’t matter that much.”

Kade and I look at one another. Kade puts his hands on his hips. “Well don’t tell anyone, Beau. We don’t give a fuck about anyone else seeing our cocks. We’re only covering up for you.”

“Well uh, thank you,” Beau says. “I appreciate it.”

“Beau.” I take a step closer. “Not that we’re not happy to see you, but why are you here? We thought you were staying at your friend’s.”

Beau sighs. “Well that’s the thing. She’s banging some dude so loud in her bedroom that I can’t hear myself think in the bathtub.”

Kade cocks his head. “The bathtub?”

“Yes.” Beau hangs his head in shame. “That’s where I’m sleeping because her apartment is so damn small.” He looks back up, throwing his hands up and motioning as he speaks. “I just want you both to know I hate it that you’re the only two I can come to for help in this damn city. But here I am.” He looks sheepishly at both of us. “Can I stay tonight?”

Kade and I nod at one another. “Yeah,” I answer. “Of course, Beau. Anything you need.”

“Great, uh, I didn’t bring my stuff over, so, this is it.” Beau takes a step towards the couch. “I’ll sleep here then.”

“Wait a minute.” I step forward. “Beau, if you want my bed, you can have it?”

“Or mine,” Kade is quick to say.

Beau shakes his head. “No, guys, I don’t think it’d be smart to take

either of your beds. Not with, well, I think we know what would happen."

I nod. "You're right."

Kade huffs with frustration. "Alright then. Take the couch. But I'm not done watching the game." Kade sits on the end of the couch, slouched over and scowling.

"Okay…" Beau sits in the middle, keeping a little distance away from Kade, but I see him stealing glances at Kade's naked torso.

There's no way I'm going to bed and leaving these two alone. "Me, too." I sit on the other side of Beau.

We're quiet for a minute. There's nothing but the muffled sound of the TV in front of us, and we all stare forward at it, tense and awkward.

"So," Beau says, "are you guys just gonna sit there in your towels all night?"

I feel a little too nervous to answer, but Kade has no problem being a smartass.

"Why?" Kade asks. "Is it making you hard?"

"Kade," I chide.

"Relax, Lucan." Kade shifts in his seat. He grabs in between his legs to adjust himself, and Beau and I both notice it. "We're not gonna fuck around. Not tonight and not ever." His eyes drift towards Beau. "Right, Beau?"

Beau gulps. "Yeah, sure, right."

Kade tries to look forward at the TV, but his glance darts back to Beau. "Because we're all just friends, right? Nothing complicated."

Beau licks his lips. He leans back against the couch, his hands resting on his knees. He's too nervous to move. "Right, just friends. Right, Lucan?"

I clear my throat. Try to play it cool. "Right, nothing complicated."

"No distractions," Kade says. His eyes stare in between Beau's legs.

"No drama," Beau says. He looks back and forth between us, peaking at our crotches. His hands squeeze his knees. They tremble a little.

"No more problems," I say under my breath, but I can't take my eyes off Beau.

Beau stands up fast. He's shaking. He throws his hands to his sides. "Fuck this. Guys, I can't do this."

Kade and I stand up and surround him in between us.

"I want both of you," Beau confesses. "No matter what I say. No matter what we say. You guys…" He takes a deep, fast breath. "I want you both so bad that it hurts to try and hold back."

Kade and I stare at one another. I see the same desire in his eyes for Beau that I feel in my heart and body. My muscles flex and my hands become fists. Adrenaline pumps through me. I snarl a little at Kade, but I can't fight him. I can't change the way Beau feels about us.

"I should just go." Beau takes a step forward.

Kade and I put our hands on his chest and pull him back.

"Don't go," I tell him.

We get closer to Beau, our bodies touching him. My cock swells fast as my skin becomes hot for him. We smell him, his hint of intoxicating cologne. I watch his lips quiver. I put my hand on his, just barely, enough to feel it shaking.

Beau can sense us closing in on him, ready to finally give in and take him. "Kade, Lucan, if we start this, there's no going back," he warns us softly.

Kade leans his head closer to Beau's. His lips get dangerously close to the edge of Beau's mouth. "Fuck it," he growls. "I say fuck it, and let's all have what we want."

Beau's eyes are closing. He grabs onto my hand. "Lucan?"

I get closer, leaning closer to Beau's face like Kade does. I press my body against Beau so he can feel my hard cock. "Yeah," I whisper into his ear. "Fuck it."

Beau takes a deep breath. His eyes shut. His hands land on both our bodies. "Alright," he says breathlessly. He pulls us to him. "Fuck it!"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

~

Kade pulls my back to him and wraps his strong arm around me. Holding me to his body, he kisses my ear and then gently bites it.

I take in a sharp breath. The temperature rises. My heart starts to beat faster and harder. Skin hot, I itch for these clothes off me.

Lucan stands before me and puts his hand on my waist. He tilts his head and leans forward to kiss me gently. As his lips dance on mine, my hand lands on his trimmed waist and squeezes his naked flesh.

Kade puts his hand under my sweater and touches my bare stomach. He runs his hand up to my chest where he massages my pec and tugs at my nipple.

I lean my head back.

Lucan pulls my shirt up.

I raise my arms and let them throw my shirt to the floor. Kade returns his mouth to my neck. Lucan kisses my collar bone. I put my hand on the back of Lucan's head, my other hand grabbing at Kade's bare leg behind me.

As they press against me, I feel their cocks through their towels, hard and sticking against me.

Lucan pulls my mouth back to his and kissed me with more aggression. He licks my lips and massages my tongue with his. Both my hands land on the sides of his face as he lights me up.

Kade pulls me away from him. He turns me around. He stares into my eyes. He seems hesitant and scared.

"Don't tell me you're jealous," I say.

"A little."

"But Kade, your rule. You don't kiss."

He cradles my chin in his fingertips. "I think it's about time I break that stupid fucking rule." He tilts his head and kisses me fast.

My eyes are open at first in the shock of it. But as his kiss takes me, they shut and I fall into his touch and his lips.

Kade kisses me passionately, moaning and breathing faster and deeper. He kisses me like he's been holding this back for a lifetime.

Lucan puts his arms around me and kisses my neck. He undoes my belt and jeans. He slips his hand down my underwear to find my manhood hard and ready for his touch. He strokes me into a whimpering fit while Kade keeps control of my lips and tongue.

I grab at the waistlines of their towels. I pull them down. The

towels drop and leave my men free and naked. Their cocks are swollen and aching. I grip each one and stroke. Their warm in my hands, thick and throbbing for me.

Kade pulls away. He's breathless as I stroke him.

Lucan turns me to him and steals a kiss. He slips his hand back in between my legs and massages my cock until I'm squirming.

Kade kneels and slips off my shoes and socks. He stops me from tripping over them, holding tight to my legs. He pulls down my pants and guides my legs as I step out of them.

I'm naked before them. Hard, vulnerable, high on the rush and love that bursts from within me.

Kade stands and starts handling me rougher. He spanks my ass and squeezes. He growls into my ear, laying his hand just beneath my throat and showing me he's boss.

"Hey!" Lucan throws Kade's hand off me. "Don't treat him like that!"

I place my hand on Lucan's chest and calm him. "Lucan, it's okay. I like it."

"You do?"

I nod.

Kade snacks my ass again. "See? I know what Beau likes."

I turn around fast. "I also like it gentle, Kade."

Kade scowls. "So which way do you want it?"

"We don't have to choose." I look at both. "Let's just let what happens happen."

They flash each other competitive, aggressive glances. But they nod and get closer to me. "Alright, then," Kade says.

Lucan turns me back to him and kisses me. He kisses me harder like he's fighting for dominance. He grabs my cock and strokes.

Kade squeezes my butt again. He bites on the back of my shoulder.

They're getting rougher. Like they're competing for me. I shouldn't enjoy it this much, but I've never been harder.

Lucan kisses my chest. Then he kisses nipple. He gets down on his knees and kisses my stomach. He's so achingly close to my cock with his mouth I can feel his breath on it.

"Lucan," I say. "You don't have to suck me."

"Let me do it," Kade growls into my ear. "You know I know what you like, Beau."

But before Kade can service me, Lucan looks into my eyes with a serious gaze. He takes a hold of my cock. “I want to, Beau, for you.” He hesitates a moment longer, and then he takes my cock into his wanting mouth.

I toss my head back. “Fuck,” I shutter.

Kade turns my face to him. He kisses me madly as he maneuvers the tips of his fingers to my ass.

I thought Lucan would never suck, I think. *I thought Kade would never kiss. And I never thought I’d be torn between them like this.*

Lucan groans. His hot breath engulfs my cock. His mouth is wet. He takes me to the back of his throat and back again. He has me aching in between his lips, dripping and pulsing.

Kade grunts as he bites and kisses my skin. He kneels behind me.

Holy fuck, I think. *This is happening. This is really happening!*

Kade makes me lean forward a bit as he spreads my cheeks for his mouth. He licks my hole, up and down. Fast strokes. His tongue is firm and warm. He presses it against me and wiggles.

My legs tremble. It feels so good I may collapse on them. My eyes roll back. I put one hand on Lucan’s head as he sucks me. My other hand lands on Kade’s head as I push his face into my ass.

They grunt and growl and devour me. I squirm and moan louder and louder. My balls tighten. I’m going to come. I start to writhe. I stand up on toes, then back down because I can’t stay still. Kade’s tongue probes me with vigor and hunger and swirls my ass into a puckering frenzy of sensational pleasure. Lucan sucks my cock into an aching, throbbing fit. I’m so close to the edge I start crying out. “Fuck, you guys, I’m gonna come. I’m gonna come!”

“Do it!” Kade commands, his mouth still against my hole. He slaps my ass. “Let us make you come, Beau!”

Lucan tightens his lips around my cock. He braces himself for it. He holds still and lets me thrust into his mouth, spit and my precome hanging off his lips.

My fingers curl. I throw my head back and thrust and grind and grunt and moan. My head lights ablaze as it feels like every nerve ending in my body ignites as I come. I throb into Lucan’s mouth. I pucker and tremble against Kade’s tongue. They keep their hot mouths on my body through my orgasm until I feel ready to completely collapse.

Kade stands up and licks his lips. He grabs my butt. “Good job, twerp.” He yanks me against him and kisses my neck.

Lucan stands. My come dangles off his lips. He’s about to wipe it away.

“Wait, come here.” Kade grabs Lucan’s face and draws him close. “Let me taste it.” He tilts his head and he kisses Lucan without warning.

I’m shocked. Lucan is shocked. But Kade doesn’t give a damn. He makes Lucan part his lips so he can slip his tongue into his mouth, and together they kiss with my juices between them.

“Holy hell,” I whisper.

Kade grins at me, still holding Lucan by the side of his face. “Like what you see, Beau?”

I nod. “Holy hell!”

Lucan seems overcome by it. He pulls Kade back to him and they make out in front of me. Moaning, panting, they kiss one another and lose themselves.

I drop to my knees and place my hands on their cocks. They groan a little louder, and I know they’re craving attention. I start with Lucan’s cock. I suck gently on the head. I trade for Kade’s and give the head a kiss with my lips and tongue. I start trading back and forth between their cocks, sucking them until both men ate grunting and taking turns thrusting into my wanting mouth.

Lucan pulls me back up to my feet. He grabs me. He kisses me hard. His tongue whips over mine. He grabs my ass and spanks me. It’s an aggressive side I’ve never seen from him! Kade strokes my cock until I’m hard again. He bites on the edge of my ear. “I want to be inside you so bad it fucking hurts, Beau!” He makes me grab his cock. It’s engorged and throbbing. “Let us fuck you.”

“Do it,” I whine. “Fuck me!”

Kade smiles as he lifts me up and onto his shoulders. Lucan spanks me as Kade carries me away to the bedroom. They’re like damn cavemen!

Kade tosses me onto his bed. I lay on my back and eagerly await them to climb on and take me.

Kade is on my right. Lucan is on my left. They put their warm, strong hands on my body and touch me, every part of me. They grab at every inch like they can’t get enough. High on me. They grunt and

groan and the music of their desire floods my ears and sets my body ablaze. My cock is rigid. My skin tingles with goosebumps. This is addiction. This is where I belong, in between them and drowning in the music of our three bodies colliding as one.

Lucan pulls my face to him and douses me with a rough kiss that takes my breath away. Kade wraps his arm around me and pulls my back up against his body, making my limbs start to tremble. He squeezes my butt. He wets his finger with his lips and tongue and sticks it into my hole to tease me.

I whimper and grab onto them. My fingers move freely and madly like I'm stroking the keys of the instruments that are their muscles and cocks.

Kade turns me to him. He lays on his back and pulls me onto him, face down on his body. Our cocks press against each other as we drip and moan into a rough and longing kiss.

Lucan kneels behind me. His tongue streaks down my back. He bites gently on my butt. He puts his hands on my hips and raises my ass into the air for him. He presses his warm, wet tongue against my hole and rims me in dripping circles until I'm raking my fingers through the back of Kade's hair and neck and calling out incoherent words for more and more and more and more and more. My brain doesn't work. Just my body. And my pounding heart. Lucan keeps rimming, and I start to writhe against him.

"You want him inside you, don't you?" Kade asks in a hoarse whisper.

I nod, eyes closed shut. "Please!"

Kade cradles my head and kisses me. "Lucan, he's ready."

Eyes shut, I hear the bed creak as Lucan gets onto his knees behind me. Then, the hot head of his cock presses against my hole. My back arches. I push back to get him inside me. He pops in and stretches me. I freeze and savor the sensation as it ripples throughout my entire being.

Lucan groans deep. He slides further in, slowly. Every inch he goes deeper makes him pulse harder inside me. He grabs a hold of my hip and my shoulder, squeezing hard.

Kade holds me gently. He kisses me, even though I'm too far gone in heat to kiss him back. "Fuck, you're gorgeous, Beau," he whispers. "You're the best thing we've ever had. The best we'll ever have." He

could whisper these things to me for an eternity and his words would never tire.

Lucan pulls out. He pushes back in. Out and in. He slides into me and grunts. He pulls out to the head and sighs in deep pleasure. He goes a little faster. He begins to fuck me, breathing deep and the music of his pleasure makes my ears ring.

I lay my head on Kade's chest. I whimper and cry. I hold onto him tight while Lucan fucks me faster and deeper. "Yes," I whisper. "Yes!" I cry out. "Oh God, yes!"

Lucan grunts. He spanks me. He goes deep and thrusts his passion into me, over and over until his body slaps against mine. "Fuck, Beau! I think I'm gonna come!"

Kade puts his arm around me and holds me close. "Do you want him to come, Beau?"

"Yes!" I squeal. I push my body back hard onto his cock and crave his warm come, starving for it.

Lucan fucks me as hard as he can. He's merciless as he pounds me. The bed rocks into an orchestra of blaring music that mingles with the sounds of Lucan's hot howls and groans. He throbs inside me, feeling twice as large. He thrusts two more times. He pulls out. Two strokes, and I feel his white hot come shoot onto my butt and my hole. He hollers in the destruction of his orgasm. More and more come. It drips off my body like a sticky symbol of victory. He leans down over my back. The weight of his exhaustion nearly pushes me down off my knees. His skin is sweating and hot. His breath is wet on my ear.

I push up. I reach back and grab him, pull his face to mine as I turn my lips to his and finish him off with a hot, panting kiss.

Lucan puts his arm around me and holds me against him. His cock pulsates against my butt. His sweat drips onto me. His scent clouds my head. The music of his soft moaning sends me into overdrive.

I crave more. My body needs more. I open my eyes and see Kade looking up at me with the same fire that Lucan had. Hungry for him, hard and leaking precome, I move forward and reach in between my legs for his dick.

Kade holds onto my hips. His eyes light up as he watches me because he never expected I'd take him like this.

I sit down on his cock and slide him into my ass deep, all the way to the base.

Kade throws his head back. “Fuck!” he bellows.

Hands on his chest, I bounce up and down on his cock and let it fuck me until my legs are trembling. I fuck him until his balls are tight and his cock aches and pulses within me.

Lucan keeps his arm around me. He pinches my nipples. He watches me ride Kade to the edge of our orgasms. “Fuck, you’re amazing!” he whispers into my ear.

I cry out loud. Every moan escalates until I fill the room with my calls of mind shattering ecstasy. “Yes. Fuck. Yes!”

I fuck Kade madly until my senses are blazing in every inch of me.

Kade grabs my hips. He holds on for dear life. “Beau, fuck! I’m gonna come!”

My eyes roll back and shut tight. I keep one hand on Lucan’s arm around me. I put one hand on Kade’s chest and my fingers curl into his flesh so hard I leave red marks. My ass squeezes out of my control. My cock throbs. My whole body shakes and rocks and without touching myself, I spray come over the bed and over Kade. I keep coming, again and again. It feels endless.

“Fuck!” Kade slaps my ass. His orgasm is so intense it makes him sit up and grip me hard. His cock swells and shoots within me. His face contorts. His muscles flex until they seem to be made of stone.

The three of us hold still. Kade and I shake and jolt. We come off our orgasms after a minute and a half. Lucan holds me so I don’t fall over. Kade won’t lay back down. Instead, he kisses my neck and runs his hands over my body. We’re drenched in one another and destroyed.

Finally, I get off Kade and lay down beside him. Lucan lays on the other side of me. They turn and face me, their arms around my body. They keep my safe in the cage of their muscles. None of us say a word. We don’t have to. Our eyes shut. We hold one another. Our hands glide over our skin as we soak in the afterglow. Every worry in our lives is too far away to touch us. It’s just us, Kade, Lucan and me. It’s just us. And right now, we are all we will ever need.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

~

BEAU

Here we are, again, I think. I sit at the breakfast table, completely naked, while Kade and Lucan finish making us breakfast. It's the morning after. My body still feels a little sore from their roughness, but it's a soreness that almost feels like a trophy. As I watch them at the stove and kitchen counter, checking out their naked butts and the way their back muscles flex and move as they flip pancakes and scramble eggs, I can't help but smile a little. *Damn*, I think*, I took on both of them.* Can't lie; it was the best night of my life.

"Guys," I speak up. "Really, I can help make some breakfast."

They turn around with plates in hand and sit at the breakfast table. "No use, twerp," Kade says. He sets my plate in front of me. "It's done." He winks and smiles.

Smiling, I shake my head. "Just can't win with you guys."

Lucan rubs my shoulder. "I'd say you won last night."

My face turns a little red. "Let's just eat."

"Wait." Kade sits up straight. "No, let's not eat, yet."

Lucan and I wait.

Kade's eyebrows lower as he looks at us both. "I think it's about time we set up some rules."

"But I already know the apartment rules," I tell him. "Why do you think I'm naked?"

He shakes his head. "I'm not talking about the apartment rules. I mean rules between us, between the three of us."

Lucan nods. "Kade is right. Obviously we can't seem to stay away from you, Beau."

I run my fingers along the warm metal of my fork. "Okay… so what rules?"

"Equal sex," Kade says.

I blink twice, fast. "What?"

"Lucan and I are not allowed to have sex with you Beau, unless we both get to have you equally. Let's face it." He looks at Lucan. "We're both jealous bastards, and I think if we keep it this way then no one has to get hurt. Right?"

Lucan takes his moment to ponder the idea. He looks at me. "Beau, what do you think?"

"Holy fuck," I sigh. I shift in my seat, already feeling the ache that this kind of rule is going to place on my body. "I mean, it's kind of

exciting. I can't lie."

Kade grins. "I thought you'd like it, twerp. Lucan?"

Lucan nods. "Alright, let's try it."

Kade raises his glass of orange juice. "Then it's settled. We get to share this sexy little twerp."

Lucan and I raise our glasses. We clink and drink. My eyes dart back and forth between them. I'm already shaking, a little nervous.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

~

LUCAN

One week later…

I leave the gym early, telling Coach I have to work an extra shift at the factory. But it's a lie. I don't even bother changing. Still in gym shorts and an undershirt, I make my way fast through the cool Autumn air and crowded streets. I go straight to Pander's Music Shop.

Pander's is a shop that Beau mentioned one of the first days he was here. He said he wanted something special from there, but he never had the money. But I've got the money, and I know exactly what he wants.

~

On the north side of the city, Beau found a studio that he could rent for piano practice. It's a cheap studio hall at the corner of 386th and Boreton Street, just past an old bodega and right before a flower shop.

I climb the three stories inside, a little out breath, already hearing the sound of muffled piano music coming from above. On the third floor, I find Beau just past the last door of the hallway in a tiny studio space. He sits before an old piano and strikes furiously on the keys.

Damn, he's good, I think. I stand in the doorway for a minute and watch him. His fingers fly across the keys. He feels it. He loves it. I'd give anything to be in love with something like he is with music.

He stops playing and takes a deep breath. He stretches his arms into the air and arches his back. He groans a little, and even that noise is music to my ears. He notices me behind him, and he jumps. "Holy hell, Lucan! What are you doing?"

I smile. "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you."

He laughs as he grabs at his chest. He takes a deep breath. "It's fine. What is that?" He notices the paper-wrapped gift I have tucked under my arm.

I close the door behind me and hand the gift to him. "Something I thought you'd like."

He unwraps it.

I lower my head, excited and nervous to see him reveal it. "You know, I never would've stepped foot in that Pander's shop if you

hadn't talked about it. It's a pretty cool place."

"Panders?" he asks. "What would you get me from-" He sees what I've gotten him: a vinyl record of Mozart music played by other artists. His eyes light up, making my heart beat faster. "Lucan! You found it!"

"Do you like it?"

"I love it!" He jumps forward and wraps his arms around me.

I can smell him; I love it. His skin is soft. His hair smells clean, and his body is warm.

"I just wanted to do something nice for you, Beau. You've been really good to me and Kade." I put my thumb on his chin, locking his gaze with mine. "You deserve it."

We stare at one another a moment. My stomach begins to flutter. I lick my lips, drawn to his. I tilt my head and put my lips on his. Softly. Gently. I pull away, taking his breath with me. Our eyes meet again. We don't have to say anything. We know what we both feel in the growing heat of this moment.

Beau sets the record on the piano. He grabs me by the back of my neck and pulls me to him to crush me with a kiss. His lips are full, tongue pointed as it sweeps along mine and lights me into desire for him. I put my hands on his body. I tug at his clothes, hating that they're on him.

He grabs at my hair and then at my arms. He slips his fingers under the waistband of my shorts. "We shouldn't be doing this," he whispers with a smile. "We could get caught."

I smile back at him, my heart racing just to have him like this. "I don't care right now." I hoist him into the air.

He wraps his legs around my waist and holds onto me. We kiss each other madly with abandon. I take him to the piano and set him on top of it. I grab his shirt and tear it off him. I kiss him again, each touch of our lips and tongue taking more of our breaths away until we're dizzy. I undo his jeans. He lifts his hips so I can pull them down enough to free his cock. He's hard. I take a hold of him with a gentle and stroke him, making him moan onto my lips. When he grabs onto me, his fingers curl into my skin and I know the gentle stroking of his cock and sending him to the edge.

He throws his head back and I kiss his neck. I lick the nape of his neck. I lick his pecs and bite on his erect nipples. His skin is covered with goosebumps. His cock starts to leak precome over my hand. It

pulses and aches. “Lean back,” I whisper to him.

He grabs my face a final time, looking into my eyes with a fierceness that’s almost startling. “Lucan, are you sure about this?”

I kiss him hard. “Lay back, Beau.”

“Fuck,” he whispers. He lays back across the piano.

I kiss his stomach. I lick along the tiny hairs underneath his belly button. I follow the trail down to his cock where I take him in between my lips and suck him gently.

Beau’s fingers curl into the top of the piano. He starts writhing and whimpering. “Damn it, Lucan. That’s good!”

I swallow his cock to the back of my throat and leave him soaked. I stroke him, kiss his shaft and the head of his manhood, savoring every little pulse and throb I feel in my hand. I kiss his balls. I cradle them and massage them.

Beau’s back arches. He closes his eyes. He’s trying to hold back, but I can taste the precome, and I can feel the way he throbs in between my lips. If I wanted to make him come it wouldn’t take much more stimulation.

My own cock rages in my shorts. I grab at it, squeeze myself, making myself groan with his dick across my tongue. I start thrusting because my body craves to take him. I reach into my shorts and wrap my palm around my thick shaft. I’m pulsing. I need release like Beau does.

I lean off Beau’s cock and take a deep breath. As I wipe the spit from my mouth, Beau leans up and opens his eyes to me.

“I was about to come,” he whispers. His face is flushed red. He playfully hits my chest. “Bastard, why’d you stop?”

I smile. “Get down here.” I pull him off the piano. I kiss him hard. I push him down onto his knees, and I whip out my dick.

Before I say another word, Beau wraps his warm, wet lips around my manhood and takes me all the way down. I lean my head back. I groan. I start thrusting into his mouth. I put my fingers through the waves of his hair and hold his head as I shove my cock in between his lips. Aching, throbbing, it doesn’t take long for Beau to suck me into a writhing fit where my body is begging to finish.

Beau whimpers. He starts to toy with his body as he sucks me. He dips his hand in between his legs. Fingertips at his hole, he plays with himself as he drips precome on the practice studio floor.

When we can't stand it any longer, I lift him back to his feet and bury my tongue into his mouth. "You're amazing, Beau. So fucking amazing!" I grab his pants and yank them down to ankles. I throw him back on top of the piano and raise his legs.

Beau holds onto the edge of the piano. His face is red hot. He watches me, whispering, "Yes, take me, Lucan!"

His legs above my head, I bury my lips and tongue into his ass. I lick him in circles, then I flatten my tongue and get him wet with hard, fast strokes. I stand up. My cock wet, Beau's hole ready, I hold his legs against my chest and thrust myself inside him.

Beau hollers out.

I grunt.

"Don't go slow," Beau begs. "Fuck me hard, Lucan!"

I do as he wants. I thrust in and out of him ferociously. Grunting, groaning, I unleash my aggression into his body with every rough stroke. The piano lid creeks. The sounds echo throughout the studio room. Our ears drown in the sounds of our passion for one another.

I fuck him hard, again and again until I'm swollen and throbbing inside him. My face scrunches. It's red and sweating. "Beau, I'm gonna come!"

"Yes! Me too," he whines. "Come for me."

I hold his legs tight. I fuck him hard, six more thrusts and then I freeze as a wave of orgasm goes throughout my lower body, crashing all the way to my cock where I pulse and shoot inside him.

As I come inside Beau, he comes onto himself. He shoots twice before stroking his dick through his orgasm.

Panting, sweating, I stay inside him. It feels too good to pull out now. We breathe heavier, slower. Beau seems as though he might pass out on the piano. I rub my hands over his chest and stomach. His come sticks between my fingers and under my hand. "Beau, you really are amazing."

Eyes closed, Beau answers, "Shut up, Lucan. You're making me blush."

KADE

After work, I hit the gym and train. One hour in, Coach lets it slip that Lucan left earlier that morning before his training was done. "No time to waste, Kade. You guys can't leave anymore for these extra shifts."

“Extra shifts?” I take a breather. I’m drenched in sweat. I take off my shirt and sling it over my shoulder. I lean against the ropes of the sparring ring. “What are you talking about?”

“Lucan, he left early this morning for an extra shift. Tell that dumbass that boxing comes first.”

I make fists, and my mind starts racing. *Lucan left early huh?* But I’m not fucking stupid. I know it wasn’t for work.

~

“Come on, little twerp, answer.” I wait for the subway with my phone pressed hard to my ear. “Come on, Beau!” My gym bag is slung over my shoulder. “Pick up the damn phone!” Jealousy is coursing through me as I think about Lucan and Beau meeting up with one another.

“Kade?” Beau answers.

“Where are you?” I demand.

“I’m about to leave my practice studio. Why? Kade, what’s wrong?”

The subway car barrels into the station. I know I don’t have much time before Beau gets on his way back to the apartment. I’ve got to act now. I have to outdo Lucan, make Beau want me more. “Meet me at the Borders Flower Shop!”

Borders Flower Shop – Beau mentioned it one night when he first got here, said they had some nice plants he’d like to put in our apartment to add some “life” or whatever. When he first mentioned it, I told him it was fucking stupid and we weren’t going to have a plant in our apartment. But now, I’ll put a whole damn garden in our kitchen if it means I get to have Beau.

~

“Kade, why did you bring me here?” Beau’s eyes wander along the aisles of fresh flowers, from the purple belles to the white lilies. “I

thought you hated this place."

"I still do," I growl. My nostrils flare with the stench of all the flowers. I stay close to Beau because I'd rather get a whiff of his cologne. "But I wanted to surprise you. So pick out one you like, and we can bring it back to the apartment."

Beau walks through the selections with a curious grin. His eyes flash back at me as he rubs the leaves of a plant. "Kade, why are being so nice all of a sudden?"

I grunt. "Don't be difficult, little twerp. I'm a nice guy, you know. Sometimes." I stand behind him and smell him. When he's not looking, I sneak my hand onto his firm little butt and squeeze.

He stands up straight and gasps. "Kade!"

"You know me, Beau," I say into his ear. "I won't keep my hands off what I want."

He spins around and puts his hand on my chest. "What is this really about, Kade? Taking me to the flower shop? Trying to get frisky? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing."

He takes a step back and stares me down. "Kade?"

"Fine." I sigh. "I know you saw Lucan."

Beau looks away fast. "Okay, yeah, he came by the studio."

"Did you and him fuck?"

Beau's eyes widen. He laughs, but it's forced. "Kade, why are you asking?"

I get closer to him. I corner him against one of the shelves of potted flowers. There's no one else around us. "Beau, don't lie to me. Did you have sex with him?"

He sighs. "Okay, yes. We screwed around, but, it was just kinda spontaneous, Kade."

My chest swells. This sexy little fucking twerp, screwing my best friend when I'm not around. I'm not mad. I'm jealous. And I'm turned on so hard my cock starts to swell against my jeans.

Beau bites his lip nervously. "Kade?"

"You know the rules," I growl at him. "Turn around."

He gulps. "Kade?"

I grab him and spin him around. "You're not going to get away that easy, Beau." I wrap my arm around him and hold him close. I bite on his ear and hear him whimper softly. "I want you just as fucking

bad. And I'm going to have you."

"Kade, we shouldn't do this!"

He's too late. My hand grabs a hold of his butt and squeezes him hard. He moans for me. It sets my cock ablaze and my lustful instincts into revving action. I bite his neck. I put my hand up his shirt and rub his chest.

He grabs onto my arm, but he doesn't pull me away. He holds on, tilting his head back against me. "Bastard," he whispers.

I grab in between his legs and rub his erect prick. I whisper into his ear. "If you really want me to stop, tell me to stop and I will." I press my cock against him. "Do you?"

He hesitates. But he presses back against me and he starts undoing his belt. "Make it fast."

I smile. "Fuck yes." I help his yank down his jeans. Once his ass is exposed for me, I kneel behind him and make him bend forward against the shelf.

"Kade, maybe we should go somewhere else-" His eyes roll back and she shuts up when I bury my tongue in his hole.

Fuck, Beau tastes like man. Hot man. My man. I don't bother teasing him. I lick him ravenously and whip his ass into a heated frenzy to get it ready for my cock.

Beau clings to the shelf. He bites his lip to keep quiet, but I hear him whimpering for me. I hear the little high-pitched squeals of delight that escape him. And I fucking can't get enough of it!

I stand up and spank him.

He jolts. He breathes fast and shallow.

I pull down my shorts and press my cock against him. "You ready?"

"Yes!" he whispers.

I grab him and push inside him. I make his ass mine, thrusting deep and holding my dick inside so he can get used to it.

"Don't go slow," he gasps. "Just fuck me!"

"Fuck yes," I growl. I grab a hold of him. Hard, throbbing, I thrust into him.

We grunt.

I thrust into him.

He shakes.

I thrust into him!

We start to groan.

His ass squeezes my cock and I know he's already close. It makes my shaft pulse inside him. "I can't hold back," I tell him.

"Then don't!"

I pound him. I give him everything I have like its the last fuck I'll ever get. Harder, faster. I throb inside him.

"Yes," he whines. "Kade, I'm coming!" His ass squeezes around my shaft as I fuck him into orgasm. He comes inside his underwear.

His body squeezing me, it sends me over the fucking edge. I thrust into him a final time and explode. I shoot more and more, throbbing and pulsing within him. I wrap my arm around him and pull him close. I bite his ear. I turn his face to mine and kiss him.

I slide my cock out. I pull up my jeans and zip up fast. "Come on, Beau. We're gonna get caught."

He gets his clothes right. He puts his jacket on. He glares at me. "You're an ass." It's fucking adorable when he's mad.

I caress his chin with my thumb. "Only for you, little twerp."

He fights back his smile, but I see the way his lips curl and his cheeks turn red.

I pull him to me and kiss him hard, kiss that angry smirk right off his lips. I part his lips with my own and slip my tongue into his mouth like I fucking own it. I push him back. His eyes are glazed and he's breathless.

"Damn it," he whispers.

I smile, satisfied that I pleased him so well. "Come on, Beau." I shove him forward and give his ass a good squeeze before walking with him down the flower aisles. "You still gotta pick which of these stupid plants you want for the apartment."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

~

BEAU

The next day...

I find myself at the bar of the Black Cat Lounge in front of a light cocktail, just before noon. The bar is empty now. Not even Jonesy strums on the piano. Helen wipes the counter down in front of me.

"When did you start wearing that uniform?" I ask.

Helen wears furry cat ears and a tight black skirt. "Ugh. My grandfather wants to start branding better, or something like that. His idea. Well, getting a better uniform is."

I take a sip, raising my eyebrows at her. "He'd hate seeing you in that skimpy skirt."

She smirks. "I know, honey. But hey, I'm trying to make money, not please Grand-daddy." She takes a break, and she leans forward closer to me and lowers her voice. She smiles, a twinkle in her eye. "Speaking of pleasing, how are things with your boxing studs?"

I take a sly drink to try and ignore her.

She takes my drink from me and sets it aside. "Beau, come on! Tell me all about it. Make me jealous."

"Jealous?" I laugh. "Helen, the last sounds I heard coming from your bedroom were, well, I think your love life is doing just fine."

She shrugs. "Eh. I'll let you in on a secret. I fake it a lot. So, tell me. What's going on with those two hunks?"

With a heavy sigh, I spill the dirt. "We agreed that they would share me."

Her eyes light up. "Oh, my, God. Beau! You little slut!" She punches my arm playfully. "You're shared between those two. Damn, the orgasms must never stop!"

I grab my drink back from her and down it. "Yeah, that's kind of the problem. I don't know if I can handle both of them."

"Don't tell me your dick has fallen off."

I laugh. "No, it's not that. I just, they get jealous, Helen. They're great." I bite my lip, smiling as I daze off for a moment. "They're wonderful. But they, they have their dark sides. And I'm afraid if we keep this up I'll see those sides of them again."

Helen drums her fingers on the counter. "Honey, if you don't want this then don't do it."

"I know, I know." I look towards the piano at the corner of the room. Lucan and Kade, our relationship, it could ruin my shot at

Julliard. But if I lost them, could I survive without them? Am I hooked on them? “I don’t know what I want,” I tell her. “I want them. I really like both of them. I just, I hope I’m not getting used.”

~

I leave Helen at the Black Cat. I spend my afternoon slamming the keys of the piano at the practice studio. I think of their faces, Kade and Lucan. I play harder. Faster. I can hardly breathe. What is this hold they have on me?

By the time evening comes around, I get back to the apartment. I don’t even take my jacket off at the door before I hear them yelling at one another.

Kade raises his hands at Lucan. “Asshole! You went and bought him a fucking record?”

Lucan strikes back, pointing to the plant Kade bought me. “And you’re trying to win him over with that damn plant!”

Finally, they notice I’m here. They stop yelling. They try to be nice, straightening up and lowering their voices to speak gently to me.

“Beau, hey.” Lucan approaches me first. He tries to help me take off my jacket. “How was practice?”

“Good…” I pull away from him.

Kade is next. “Lucan tried to get rid of your plant, Beau. Don’t worry. I didn’t let him.” He winks at me. He tries to hold my hand and pull me closer.

I pull my hand away.

They keep their distance.

“Beau?” Lucan asks. “Are you alright?”

Head down, I take a deep breath. “No, guys. I, I think that-”

“What the hell did you do to him?” Kade barks at Lucan. He shoves him.

“Fuck you.” Lucan hits Kade’s chest. “You’re the one who hurt him!”

“Stop!” I yell.

They freeze.

“This is what I’m talking about.” I put hand on my forehead,

feeling the pain of a headache coming on. “This, us three, what’s going on between us, it’ll never work. You guys will just fight. And I’ll get caught in between you.” I head for the door, my chest and stomach aching in the start of another heartbreak.

They chase after me. “Beau, wait.”

But I open the door and turn around to stop them. “No. I’m not staying. Not tonight. Look at us, guys. This will never work. You were right.” I choke back a lump in my throat. “I’ll just ruin everything for you guys. And you’ll do the same to me.”

I leave their apartment before I start to cry in front of them.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

~

LUCAN

"Damn it," I mutter under my breath. Some sweat drips off the tip of my nose. I lean against the ropes if the sparring ring at the gym. I shake my head, shake the sweat off my face. Gloves on, I heave for air after seven rounds of nonstop sparring with Coach.

"Lucan what's with you?" Coach asks. He leans on his knees, out of breath. "You haven't hit this hard in, well ever. Not even last Friday at the match. You and Kade..." He looks at Kade. "What's gotten into you both? I love it. But you gotta channel that anger, Lucan."

Kade throws hits at the punching bag in the corner of the gym. Again and again. He grunts so loud the whole gym can hear him. My eyes narrow on him. *Bastard*, I think. He drove Beau away.

"Lucan?" Coach asks. "Lucan, are you listening?"

"I wanna spar with Kade." I keep my eyes on him, hating him. "That alright, Coach?"

Coach puts his hands on his hips and ponders it. "Think you'll kill each other. You know how rough you get."

"We'll be fine," I growl.

"Kade!" Coach calls. "Get over here!"

As Kade steps into the ring, his eyes lock on mine, reflecting the same hatred to me I feel for him. "Bastard wants to spar, huh?" He jumps up two times and punches his gloves together. "Let's do this!"

"Alright boys," Coach warns. "If you try and kill one another, I'll have both your asses out for the rest of the day." He raises his hand. He stares back and forth between us, anxious to see just how bad we want to fight one another.

I catch Kade's eyes. He's furious. His nostrils flare. He's hunched over in an offense stance, ready to throw a hit at me just as I am at him.

"Go!" Coach yells.

We circle one another. We swing. We miss. We breathe heavy and bounce on our feet to keep the momentum.

"I'm taking you down, asshole," Kade growls. He throws a swing.

I dodge it and back away. "Not before I knock your ugly ass out." I throw a swing.

Kade ducks.

We dance for five minutes, neither landing a hit.

I throw a punch. He ducks. I throw my left hand at him to catch

him off guard, catching him under his chin.

Kade stumbles back, surprised.

"That's for Beau," I tell him.

"Beau?" Coach mutters. He scratches his head.

"Fuck you!" Kade bull rushes me, swinging one hit after another. He's rampaging, one of the specialties of his style.

I can't dodge all of them. I duck the first two, I dodge the third, but he gets me with the fourth right under my ribs. He strikes me under my chin, then back to my stomach, sending me flying back to the corner of the ring. He keeps rampaging, thinking he has me cornered and beat.

But I hit back, landing one on his jaw. Then I get him in his ribs. We become a whirlwind of red gloves striking fast at one another as we grunt and howl! We're enraged! We're ready to kill each other.

Coach jumps in between us. He throws Kade back. "What the hell did I tell you boys? That's it! It's over! You're both done, damn it!"

KADE

Fucking prick, I think. I take off my shorts and throw them in my locker. I take off my jock, and I throw them at Lucan who's undressing near me. "There, asshole. Those are the only balls you'll be smelling from now on."

He kicks my jock aside. "Fuck you, Kade."

"Fuck you!"

Lucan, undressed and cock swinging, struts forward to me with a scowl on his face. His nostrils flare. He stands before me, his hands as fists. "Really wanna throw down right here, Kade? Because I will."

I slam my locker shut. I stare him down. "Let's go."

He waits a moment. I know that he knows if we fight in here Coach might take us out of the next match. There's a few stupid things Coach simply won't tolerate, and fighting when we're not in the ring is one of them. Lucan turns away. "You're not worth it," he tells me.

"Neither are you, you dick!" I sling my towel over my shoulder and take a few steps towards the showers.

"I hope you're happy," he calls after me. "I hope you're happy that you drove Beau away."

"Me?" I spin around and walk back to him. I push his shoulder. "I'm not the one that drove him away. *You* are the one that made him so upset."

“No I didn’t!”

“Yes you did!”

He opens his mouth to yell again, but he stops. He puts his hands on his hips, looks down and sighs. “Holy shit, Kade. It was both of us. Of course, it was both of us.”

I sigh, too. I walk back and sit on the bench before the lockers. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

Lucan sits near me. “We were treating him like a sex toy, weren’t we?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“We should just leave him alone for now,” Lucan says. “Give him space.”

I lower my head. “You know, it’s crazy. All my life, I thought I’d be this hot shot boxer, you know? Getting girls, getting the wins. And now, I think I’d be happy if all I ever had was you and Beau.”

Lucan nods. “Yeah, me too. He really *is* something special, isn’t he? But, we just gotta let him be. If we’re meant to just let him go, we gotta be those kinds of guys that set him free.”

I stand up. “You know I’m not that kind of guy, Lucan. And you shouldn’t be either. We both still want him. So, let’s go get him. And this time, treat him right.”

BEAU

I spent the night at Helen’s again, in the bathtub, getting little sleep through the noise of her and her new boyfriend. He’s a rock and roller, the drummer of some unknown, hipster band. She says they’re “up and coming,” but I think she just likes his tattoos and access to free weed. I lean before her mirror and comb my hair. It’s cramped in her bathroom because she’s with me, curling her hair and putting the finishing touches of makeup on.

“I don’t know why you’re so concerned with your appearance, Helen,” I tell her. “We’re going to a gay club. I don’t think you’ll be what these guys are after.”

“Oh shut up, honey.” She smacks her lips as she puts on lipstick. “I like to look flawless no matter where I go.”

~

Helen and I hit the streets. We ride the subway twenty minutes south towards a gay club Helen knows about, Indigo, where the "drinks are cheap" and the "men are easy," as she says.

"I don't know about this." I tug nervously at my shirt under my jacket. It's what Helen told me to wear. A plain black shirt, tight enough on my body that it almost feels constricting.

She pats my leg. "Honey, you'll have a blast. Plus, you need to get out right now. Forget all about those two dick heads."

Immediately, Kade and Lucan flash through my mind. I know I should be forgetting about them, at least for the night. But, I really wish they were here with me now.

~

Later that night…

Oh my God, I think, but I don't think clearly. *Oh my, oh my, where did she go*? My head spins as I look left and right for Helen. She's somewhere in this sea of dancers, somewhere in this club.

Indigo is the kind of out of control party that Helen warned me it would be. There's naked men dancing on tables, strobe lights and laser lights flying throughout the room. The music is deafening. The drinks flow easy like she said. I only had to buy my first. The rest came from strangers, mostly older men, at the bar that bought me a drink before I ran away from them with Helen to dance some more.

We're two hours into the night, but I've lost Helen by now. I try and see past the sweaty bodies on the dance floor. "Helen!" I scream, but it's smothered by the bass music.

Someone tugs at my shirt. "Helen?" It's a drunk twink. He pulls me to him, tongue out and trying to kiss. I pull away fast and hurry away from him. "Helen!"

Giving up, I leave the dance floor and fight my way to a quieter section of the club, a lounge area. I collapse onto a couch and hold my head. I'm sweating. I'm dizzy and I'm thirsty. "Holy shit," I whisper. "What have I done?"

What have I done? I came to New York to audition, and now I'm in this kind of mess. I'm an emotional wreck, but all I want is more of it.

More of Kade and Lucan. More of what we could all be together. I never saw things turning out this way.

"Hey cutie." A guy sits next to me. He looks like an underwear model, a lean frame underneath wavy locks of blonde hair. He looks like he stepped out of a magazine. How does he look so perfect at a place like this? "You here alone?" He puts his hand on my knee.

I stare at his hand. "I, I uh…" I look around. Where is Helen? I look back at this stranger. "I guess so?"

He smiles. It's a pretty smile, dimpled at the corners of his nice, pink lips. His face is clean shaven, making it easy to see his high cheek bones.

"Fuck, you're pretty," I slur as I stare at him. I don't mean to hit on him. I don't even find him attractive, not like I do my boxer roommates.

He laughs. "So are you." He stares into my eyes.

I stare back, not because I'm falling in love or anything, but because the liquor in my bloodstream makes it hard not to stare at things.

He squeezes my leg. "I know this little party not far from here. Do you wanna-"

"Beau!" Helen barrels into the lounge area and jumps onto my lap.

The model backs away, still trying to keep his smile.

Helen is wasted. She wraps her arms around me and kisses me. "Beau! I hope, I hope good time, you're having a good time." She sees the model next to me. "Oh, I see you *are* having a good time. What's, what's his name?"

"Uh…"

"Ivan," the model answers. "I was actually just inviting your friend here to a party."

Helen squeals with joy. "Beau, let's go! Come on. It's an ad- wait, an advertise- an adventure!"

Something tells me I should know better than to follow this man, but I'm drunk enough, so I answer, "Alright. Let's go."

LUCAN

"Kade, you idiot. Turn the mattress to the left. It's not going to fit like that!"

"Lucan, shut the hell up! I know what I'm doing!"

The dumb brute holds the other end of a queen-sized mattress. We

maneuver down the hallway and into our third bedroom, our in-home gym. Finally, we get it set up on the bed frame. The whole room, we've turned into a bedroom for Beau, and our weights are stacked against the wall in the living room out of the way.

"Think he'll like this surprise?" Kade asks.

"I hope so."

We go to the kitchen and get beers.

"When is he coming back?" Kade asks.

"How should I know?"

"Well maybe he'll talk to you. He likes you better." Kade sighs. "You're all, you know, sensitive and shit."

Lucan shrugs. "Sure, but you're more, you know, exciting."

Kade laughs. "Look at us, fighting over some guy." He takes a drink. He stares towards the hallway where he can see the open bedroom door to Beau's new bedroom, if he'll have it. "I really like him, Lucan. I mean I really, really like him. And that kind of scares me, because I've never felt that way before about anyone." He takes another drink. "Especially another dude!"

I smile. "Yeah, Kade, me too."

Kade's phone begins to vibrate on the kitchen counter. We can both read the screen: "LITTLE TWERP."

"Look at that," I say. "Beau want to talk to you after all."

Kade seems nervous as he answers the phone. "Beau?"

I can't make out what Beau is saying, but I hear his voice, and I hear something in the background behind him. Music; it's loud. People; they're loud, too. Yelling and screaming.

"Beau?" Kade asks. "Beau, slow down. What's wrong." His eyebrows furrow. He looks down. He lowers his voice. "Beau, where are you?"

I step forward to Kade. "What happened?"

"Beau, stay there. We're coming." Kade hangs up. He hits my shoulder. "Come on! Beau needs us."

KADE

Lucan and I don't waste a damn second. We run down to the streets. We hop the subway. We get to the south side as fast as we can. I grip my phone tight, the address on my screen, the address Beau gave me. He's at a party. He's in trouble. That's all I know. That's all I have to fucking know, because I'll tear apart whatever danger has

him.

“This is it,” Lucan says. We turn right and run into a rundown apartment building. It’s so broken the buzzer doesn’t work, but it doesn’t have to. We bust through the door and hit the staircase.

The lights flicker as we fly fast up four flights of stairs. The lights flicker in the narrow hallway we spill into. Apartment 4B. That’s where our man is. I pound on the door.

On the other side, there’s muffled music. Something stupid like a trap sound, maybe rap. It’s fucking annoying. “Beau?” I call out. “Beau!” I pound on the door.

“Just break it down,” Lucan tells me.

The door flies open. On the other side is some skinny, pretty boy with dirty blonde hair and no shirt. “Whoa, hey guys.” He paints on a fake smile. “What’s wrong? Is the music too loud?”

I try to push the door back. “Where’s Beau?”

The blonde gets in the way and keeps the door shut halfway. “Beau?” His smile vanishes. “I don’t know who that is.” He slams the door shut. I hear him put the chain on it.

“Fucker,” Lucan whispers.

“Idiot messed with the wrong assholes.” I raise my foot. With my heavy boot, I kick open the door with a crash and bang.

Lucan and I march into the apartment.

“Where is he?” I demand.

The dirty blonde cowers behind the coffee table in the living room. “Hey! You can’t come in here!” He’s not alone. There are two other men with him, big men, bodyguard type men. They stand up tall and approach us.

Lucan and I flinch. But we’re determined. “You guys better stay the fuck back,” I warn.

“Try us,” one of the bodyguards says. He goes to put hands on me.

I dodge left and throw a punch straight under his chin. Despite his size, he sails back to the floor, out cold. The other body guard keeps his distance.

Lucan stares at the other bodyguard. “Wanna try, too?”

The bodyguard is quiet.

“Get the fuck out!” the dirty blonde cries.

“Where’s Beau?” I roar.

“Kade, Lucan…” Finally, Beau emerges from the narrow, dark

hallway and into the living room. His hair is a mess. His tight, black shirt seems stretched at the sleeves like someone was tugging on it. “You came!” He rushes to both of us and hugs us.

Lucan and I put our arms around our man, keeping our eyes fierce and focused on the dirty blonde and the body guard. “What happened?”

Beau sighs. “It’s a long story. We need to get Helen out of here.”

“Where is she?” Lucan asks.

“Go get her,” I tell them. I glare at the dirty blonde and the body guard. “I’ll stay here and make sure these two pricks don’t go anywhere.”

Beau takes Lucan down the hallway. Two minutes later, they emerge, each helping Helen walk towards the door. Her dress is torn. She’s a mess.

“What happened to her?” I ask.

Beau shakes his head at me. “Let’s just get out of here.”

~

We take Helen back to our apartment. As I put the key in the hole, I warn Beau, “Beau, just so you know, Lucan and I have arranged a few things.”

Beau smiles. “I’m sure it’s fine.” But the second he sees what we’ve done with the third bedroom, his jaw drops. “You guys, you made it into a bedroom? For who?”

I open my mouth to answer.

Lucan, with more sense, helps Helen into the bedroom and sits her down on the bed. “For now, it’s for her.” He leaves to the kitchen. “I’m gonna get her some water.”

Beau sits down on the bed next to Helen. He rubs her back. “Are you feeling any better?”

Helen groans. “I’m, I’m so drunk, ho-honey.”

“I know,” Beau answers. “I know.”

I lean against the doorway. I stare at Beau, admiring him. *Damn, he’s nice. Nice and cute. Cute and kind.* He’s all the things I never thought I’d see in anyone. He catches me staring at him.

"I like the color of the sheets," he tells me.

I smile back at him. "We knew you would."

~

We take care of Helen. Beau tucks her under the sheets of his new bed, and he waits with her a while until she falls asleep. We leave her there to rest. Out in the living room, Beau sits on the couch and slips off his shoes. "Guess this is my bed again."

"Beau," Lucan asks, "what happened to her?"

Beau hangs his head. "You guys are gonna think I'm so stupid."

Lucan and I look to one another. "We might," Lucan answers. "But we still wanna know."

Beau sighs. "We went to a club tonight, Indigo. There was some guy there who said he was having a party back at his place. I knew it sounded like a bad idea, but Helen and I decided to go anyway. It was so stupid to stay. They were doing cocaine off the coffee table. There were people everywhere. And the guy kept trying to make out with me all night."

I flinch instinctively. "Son of a bitch."

"But Helen, she met this guy, some stupid guy that said he would sell her some pot. Before I knew it, she followed him to the bathroom… He attacked her."

"Fuck," Lucan sighs. "Did he assault her?"

Beau shakes his head. "No, it never got that far. She kneed him hard and he threw a fit. He left the party. Helen started screaming that she was going to report him, but he was friends with the guy who owned the apartment. Everyone left, but they said they wouldn't let us go until they could be sure we wouldn't talk about it. Helen was so drunk, and I, I'm still kind of tipsy I guess." He looks at us like a lost puppy. "Kade, Lucan, I'm sorry. I just didn't know who else to call."

We sit on either side of him. "Beau, it's fine. We're glad you called us." I put hand on Beau's knee like it's second nature. "We're there for you if you ever need us to kick some bastard's ass."

Beau laughs. "I'm glad." He looks at us both. "I really like the bedroom. Did you guys do that for me?"

We nod.

Lucan puts his arm around Beau. “We thought you deserved your own room for a change.”

Beau bites his lip, letting his eyes wander back and forth between us. “Maybe you two are sweet after all.”

BEAU

My head feels dizzy. I sit on the couch, drifting off like I might fall asleep there.

“Beau, come on,” Kade says gently. He and Lucan help me off the couch and they me back to Lucan’s bedroom.

“Guys,” I tell them. “I don’t want to have sex.”

Lucan kisses my cheek. “That’s not what we want. Come on, get these off.”

I raise my arms and Lucan takes off my shirt. I lay down in bed. Kade takes off my shoes and socks. They take off my pants, and they leave me in my underwear. I open my eyes to catch them undressing fully. Naked, they get into bed on either side of me.

“Wait,” I tell them. My eyes half-open, dizzy and sleepy, I slip off my underwear, longing to be naked with them.

They lay on either side of me. I feel protected between them. Nothing can get to me while they’re with me. I’m theirs. They lay their arms on my body. They kiss me. We fall asleep next to one another.

CHAPTER TWENTY

~

BEAU

The next morning…

I wake up to the smell of breakfast. I roll over on the sheets, still in Lucan's bed. I inhale deep. It smells like Kade and Lucan, their musk, that scent that drives me crazy. The smell gives me a morning erection. I moan a little, pressing my cock underneath my stomach against the bed. The last thing I want to do is get out of bed. I want Kade and Lucan to come back, join me under the sheets so we can fuck all day long.

But, I drag myself out. I don't bother to put clothes on as I step into the hallway. I'm proud of my body now. I want to see the looks on my men's faces when they see me at full morning attention.

Lucan stands at the end of the hallway. He freezes as he sees my naked body. He's dressed, though, in jeans and no shirt, a dish towel slung over his shoulder. "Uh, Helen, would you like some orange juice?" he asks, keeping his eyes on me.

"Shit," I whisper, remembering that Helen spent the night. I rush back to Kade's bedroom and throw on my jeans.

In the kitchen, they all sit at the table. Helen keeps her head down. She's quiet. Kade and Lucan made me a plate of eggs and toast, and they made me coffee, too. "Morning," I tell them.

We eat quietly. Kade, Lucan and I take cautious glances at one another. They don't know that I've told Helen about us, and I'm afraid what they'll do if they find out. But Helen doesn't keep her mouth shut.

"Oh for heaven's sake," Helen sighs. "Kade, Lucan, I know that you're both fucking Beau."

The three of us nearly spit out our food.

Helen rubs her head. "Damn it, my head is killing me. Anyway, I don't care you guys. I think it's great. You're both hot. Beau's hot. Everyone's so damn hot. I'm sure the sex is fantastic."

Kade and Lucan, wide-eyed, look at one another, too stunned to speak.

Helen sighs. "I just wanna say, thank you for getting me out last night." She looks at Kade and Lucan. "And you guys should know that it was my idea to go to the party. Beau thought it was a bad idea, but I pretty much forced him. You guys saved us. Thank you."

Kade and Lucan nod, still a little uncomfortable now they know

Helen is aware of our relationship. “Sure,” Lucan says. “Yeah, anytime,” Kade says. They quietly return to eating.

I smile a little as I watch them. For the first time since I’ve been here, I don’t feel like the super awkward one in the group. *They* are now.

~

Helen takes a shower while the three of us guys wash our dishes.

Kade hands me the last plate. “So, how long has Helen known?”

“For a while.” I lower my head, looking at the two of them sheepishly. “Are you mad?”

They pause, look at one another and then back to me. They grin. “Not at all, twerp,” Kade answers. “We gotta hit the gym, though. Can you get Helen home on your own?”

“Yeah, I can manage.”

I rummage through my bag in the living room to find a clean shirt while Kade and Lucan get ready for the gym. They emerge from the hall, bags over their shoulders and dressed in shorts and tight shirts. Their muscles bulge. Broad and tall, those are *my* men. I bite my lip and watch them approach me.

“Damn it, guys,” I tell them, checking out their bodies. “Are you sure you can’t stay for a quickie?”

They smile at me. “Sorry, Beau,” Lucan says. “We gotta train.” He’s the first to pull me to him and kiss me on the lips. It lights me up, making my heart race. When he pulls away I’m stunned, and then Kade pulls me to his lips and kisses me.

“Fuck,” I whisper, eyes wide and body paralyzed.

They grin. They know damn well they’ve left me speechless and breathless.

Kade winks at me. “See you tonight, twerp.”

“Bye Beau,” Lucan says.

They leave the apartment, and I’m still standing, barely, frozen where I am in the living room. *Fuck*, I think. *They kissed me goodbye!*

~

I go with Helen back to her apartment. On the subway, I ask her, "Helen, do you think I'm making a mistake? Being with both of them? Is it a mistake?"

Helen pats my leg. "Beau, if there's one thing I've learned about life, it's too short not to go for things. It seems to me like you love them both. So go for it. Stop being afraid and go for it."

I'm nervous. *Just go for it*, I think. All my life, I've been scared to take risks and go after what I want. But here I am, taking risks every day, especially with Kade and Lucan. Can I do this? Can finally take the final plunge and surrender to them?

~

Work sucks that afternoon. The temp agency sends me to work for a catering company, and I spend the afternoon dishing out mashed potatoes with a tight hairnet on. By the time my shift is over, the only place is I want to be is back in Kade's and Lucan's apartment, caught in between them.

They're all I think about that afternoon. Their bodies. Their mouths. Their voices. *Oh no*, I think. *Am I falling for them?*

~

When I get back to the apartment that evening, I'm just in time to see Kade and Lucan get home from the gym. They haven't even taken their bags to their rooms.

"Hey," Lucan says with a smile.

Their eyes light up when they see me. No one's ever looked at me like they do. I throw my keys down. I march straight to them and grab both of them. I don't say a word, just pull them to me and kiss them

both.

"Beau?" Kade asks. "You okay? What's wrong?"

I get in between them. This is me, finally surrendering to them, going after what I want and leaving fear behind. I shoot both of them a fierce gaze, grab them by their sweaty undershirts and pull their bodies up against me. "Work sucked," I grunt. "So how about you guys fuck me until I forget about everything."

They're shocked at first.

"Whoa," Lucan says. "Beau this isn't like you."

I turn to Lucan and grab in between his legs. At the same time, I pull him to me and kiss him. "I don't know what's me anymore. I don't care. All I know is I want you, both of you, right now."

Kade gets behind me and holds my waist.

I turn my face to his and kiss him. "Get me out of these damn clothes!"

They raise my shirt off me and throw it to the floor. They undo my belt. Kade yanks it out of the belt loops and tosses it aside. Lucan kneels before me and gets me out of my shoes and socks.

They step out of their shoes and socks and toss them aside.

I pull them back to me. Panting, I kiss each one as they claim my body with their strong hands. Kade and Lucan, taking me, it's the biggest rush I'll ever feel. I'm not the same, shy young man I used to be, not since they got me hooked on them. I grab at their cocks, hard for me like presents. I yank their shorts down and stroke them as they groan on either side of me.

Lucan unbuttons my jeans. He pulls them down to find my briefs, and my cock bulges inside them. He massages my cock and makes me lean back against Kade.

Kade licks and bites on my neck. He squeezes my butt. His hot breath is on my ear. The sweat from his chest and stomach drip onto my skin so that I smell like him. I smell like both of them, I'm drunk off that scent. I could bathe in it.

I drop to my knees with hunger. "Take these off," I tell them as I tug at their shorts.

They drop their shorts and step out. Their cocks are mine, and I show them their mine by the way I grab each one and stroke. I turn left and wrap my lips around Lucan's shaft. He moans, fucking music to my ears. His shaft pulses over my tongue. I leave him wet, and I

suck on Kade's aching manhood. He drips onto my tongue, salty, gooey precome I could drink.

I keep a hold of their legs. I trade back and forth. I suck on their cocks, ravenous for their bodies. Every throb I earn. Every twitch and groan are little melodies of their desire and my victory. I take them to the back of my throat, gag and release them. I look up and catch the sight of their expressions. They're blown away, eyes widened with eyebrows lowered, mouths open and underbites of aroused snarls.

Kade pulls me up to my feet. He slams his lips on mine and plunges his tongue into my mouth. "Hot little fuck," he growls. "No one makes us feel as good as you do, Beau!"

Lucan grabs me and throws me onto the couch. He pins me down. He kisses me, taking my breath away.

The room feels scorching hot now. We all sweat. My skin is reddened, head spinning and body racing.

Lucan kisses me while Kade pulls off my jeans. They get me naked on the couch. Lucan moves down, tasting my skin and body as he goes. He lands on my cock and treats me with his warm mouth.

I throw my head back, right at the time Kade kneels beside me. He holds my face and kisses me, tongue whipping and lips sucking. He kisses me while Lucan sucks me. Holy God, I didn't know a body could stand this much pleasure!

Lucan's mouth gets hotter, wetter. He's drooling over me. As he grunts and moans his hot breath engulfs in between my legs. It sends me spinning. It sends me soaring into a writhing fit of ecstasy I never knew my body could experience. I clutch onto the back of his head. I wiggle my hips against the couch.

Kade keeps his mouth on mine. He massages my tongue with his. It's strong, firm like him, commanding over my lips and tongue. He bites on my bottom lip and tugs. I breathe through our kiss. I pant. He pants with me. The three of us breathe hard and fast, minds and hearts racing in the music of our bodies colliding. And I'm the pinnacle of their desire!

Lucan releases my cock. He strokes me two more times. He moves further down. His hot mouth lands on my sack, then my taint. I raise my hips so he can taste of me whatever he craves. And he craves my hole.

Kade sees where Lucan is going. He grabs my left leg and raises it

into the air. “Eat him, Lucan. Eat his ass.”

Lucan bites my cheeks first, making me gasp. His hot breath lands on my body and teases me. Then, I feel the tip of his tongue flick against my hole. He teases me. He makes me squirm so hard my leg fights for freedom from Kade’s tight grip.

Kade licks around my nipple. He bites it. He sucks on it. He grabs my cock and begins to stroke me as Lucan presses his tongue harder against me.

“Fuck!” I cry out.

“Can you handle it?” Kade asks. “Both of us servicing you at once. Can you handle it, Beau?”

I grab Kade by the back of his neck. “I’ll show you what I can handle. Give me your dick.”

He sees the ferocious hunger in my eyes. He stands. I lean forward and suck on his cock, getting drunk on it.

“Fuck,” Kade groans. His fingers curl into my hair. He pulls on it, directing my head as he starts to thrust into my mouth.

Lucan gives me strong, hard licks against my hole. He probes me, wiggles it inside me. He teases me when he puts the tip of his finger to it.

I grab Lucan’s hand and guide him to slip his finger inside me. I push his hand against me. His finger slides all the way in and he crooks it against my prostate.

I whimper while Kade slides his cock in and out of my mouth. Adventurous, I reach in between Kade’s legs and grab his ass. It’s more than a handful for me with all his muscle. But I squeeze him hard and make him grunt.

“Trying to play with my butt, twerp?” He asks.

I lean back from his cock. A smile flashes across my face, mischievous and wanting. “Yeah.”

He nods. “Go ahead.”

I slip my finger up to his ass, and then I push it inside.

Kade gasps. He leans forward over the couch. His body tightens around my finger. “Fuck!”

“You’ve never done this?” I ask.

He shakes his head. “Never.”

I take his cock back into my mouth. I suck him and finger him at the same time.

His cock begins to throb in between my lips. He's oozing, getting ready to shoot. His ass squeezes tight. His whole body tenses up.

"Damn it, Beau. You're gonna make me shoot."

So, I suck harder and put my finger in deeper.

He can hardly move, under my complete control. Faster, harder... I work him until he jolts and trembles. His hole twitches as his cock pulses and throbs. He floods my mouth with his juices. I drink it, thirsting for every damn drop. It spills over my lips. I suck him gently until his cock stops throbbing. I release him, his cock continues pulsing.

He leans forward over me and puts his hands on the back of the couch. "Fuck, Beau."

I grin. "Did you like it?" I pull him to me and kiss him.

"Loved it," he answers.

Lucan comes back up to me, leaving my hole wet and achingly ready to be filled. "Do I get a turn now?"

I put my lips on Lucan's lips. "Hell yeah," I say through a kiss.

He spreads my legs around his waist. The head of his cock presses against my little hole, and my body screams for him to enter. I need it so bad I buck my hips downward to get the head closer. To press it against me. To get him inside me.

"Tell me what you want," Lucan whispers.

My eyes closed, I hold his face and his lips brush against mine. "Hold me down and fuck the life out of me," I demand.

He pushes his body weight down onto me. He positions his cock to my hole and pushes inside. When he stretches me, we both groan loud. When he slides deep inside me, we both lose our breath. He pulls out. He slams back in. I jolt and yelp. He pulls out. He slams back in. He pulls out. He slams back in with a grunt. He begins to fuck me, nonstop, rocking the couch and sending me reeling into a crying fit.

"Yes!" I scream out. "Yes!" My nails rake down the skin of Lucan's back. I want him. All of him. He can take me. Destroy me. I'm his. I'm Kade's. I'm theirs and they can obliterate me if they wish. It's what I wish.

He fucks me senseless until I'm clawing at anything. He fucks me senseless until I cant tell anymore if it's him I'm kissing madly or Kade, who kneels beside me. He fucks me hard, deep and my legs

shake and my body squirms. Next thing I know, I'm grabbing the back of Kade's neck. "Stroke me," I tell him. I breathe fast and shallow. "Stroke my cock, Kade!"

Kade grabs a hold of my cock and strokes me. He tries to stroke me slow. I grab his hand, make him squeeze me, and I guide him to jerk me up and down fast.

Lucan fucks me. Kade strokes me. My body locks up. I stop breathing, and inside the intense orgasm build within me. It takes me, hits me like a fucking train and keeps running me over until my entire body explodes into a loud, writhing mess. "Fuck!" I scream. I grab at Kade and Lucan. I think I hit Lucan's shoulder, or maybe it was Kade's arm. Everything spins too fast to tell. The world bursts open with horns and strings and music blasting. I feel the heat of my come. I shoot onto Lucan. Onto my chest. It lands on Kade's arm. My body rocks and rumbles, no stopping, no break. Until the minutes pass and I can finally breathe again.

I open my eyes. Kade and Lucan watch me. Their eyes are wide. Their chests rise and fall as they take slower steadier breaths.

"You guys okay?" I ask.

They start laughing.

Lucan lays down on my body. His cock is still hard inside me, pulsing. "Fuck, Beau. That was the sexiest thing I've ever seen."

"What was?"

"Watching you come." Kade kisses me. "We could watch that for hours, Beau."

After another minute, Lucan slides out. They're both spent. They're both exhausted. Kade lays down on the living room floor. "Damn, guys. I don't think I could even make it to my bed."

Lucan kisses me, and then joins Kade on the floor. They lay beside one another and face the ceiling. "Yeah, I'm spent," Lucan says. "Beau, you get the couch."

I lay on my side. For a second, I think about staying there on the couch, but she space in between them looks too empty for me not to move. I slide off the couch. I get in between them on the floor. Right where I belong.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

~

BEAU

The air is hot. It feels thick with the aftermath of our passion as Kade, Lucan and I lay still on the living room floor.

“Damn, Beau,” Kade sighs. He puts his arm under me and rolls me over. “What got into you, horny little twerp?” He holds his arm around me as I lay on his chest.

Lucan turns onto his side and puts his arm around my stomach. He kisses the back of my neck. “I’ll say. You’ve *never* taken charge like that.”

I close my eyes. “I don’t know, guys. I guess, I’m a changed man now.” My stomach is still fluttering, butterflies. It’s the way I feel when my body is between Kade and Lucan. I can smell them. I can feel the heat from their bodies, the way their muscles move against me. It’s the way they hold me and make me absolutely fucking invincible. It’s terrifying. It’s electrifying.

“Guys,” I say.

They don’t answer. Both their eyes are closed. They’re breathing heavier, drifting to sleep. Can’t blame them after a wild fit of sex like we had.

“Guys?”

“Yeah,” Kade answers. His voice sound sleepy, deep and slow. “What’s up, babe?”

I forget what I going to say. “Babe.” Kade called me “babe,” and I my mind goes blank.

“Nothing,” I answer.

Kade smiles. “No, come on, Beau. What is it? What’s bothering you?”

I breathe shorter, nerves taking hold of me. It’s a question I don’t want to ask, but I know I have to. “Is this just going to end?”

They’re quiet.

“What do you mean?” Lucan asks.

“This thing, between us, is it going to just end? Am I gonna get hurt in this?”

Kade opens his eyes. He rolls onto his side. I lay on my back. On their sides, they look at me in the eyes. “Beau, is that you’re worried about?” Kade asks. “That, we’ll just leave you?”

I hesitate to answer, but I nod. “Yeah. I guess I’m just used to things not working out for me.”

They look at one another, and then back at me. Lucan puts his fingers under my chin and turns my face to his. “Beau, whether you like it or not, you’re with us forever.”

Kade puts his hand on my stomach. “He’s right. We’ve talked about it before, Beau, how much we’ve fallen for you.”

My heart starts to pound. It’s singing. My hands start to tremble. “Fallen for me?”

They nod.

“Beau, you’re the best thing that’s ever happened to us. When we’re with you, we’re free.” He kisses my lips, softly.

Kade joins us and places his lips against mine. “He’s right, little twerp. We aren’t letting you get away again, ever.”

They take turns kissing me, their hands running over my body. They hold me close and protect me. “And us?” Lucan asks. “Are you going to leave us?”

I shake my head. “Never. I love you.”

They pause.

My stomach drops, realizing I’ve said what I never thought would be said between us. “Wait, I uh, guys I didn’t mean to say-”

Kade is the first to kiss me. He shuts me up, his lips hard on mine. He takes a deep breath and releases me. “I love you, too, Beau.”

Lucan pulls me to him and kisses me just as hard. “Me, too.”

The love ignites between the three of us. We grab at one another, kiss one another and surrender to one another. They hold me between them, kissing and touching in a fit of love that’s endless into the night. And for the first time in my life, I feel I’ve found what I wanted all along.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

~

LUCAN

“Oh no. Oh no no no!”

I wake up to the sound of Beau’s voice. He’s frantic and desperate. I wake up on the living room floor. I sit up and catch Beau scrambling through his bag and throwing on clothes. “Beau?”

“Damn it,” he says as he throws on jeans.

“Beau, what is-” Then it hits me, and I feel my heart skip a beat. “Your audition.”

“I’m gonna miss it!” Beau’s voice begins to shake.

Kade snores on the floor next to me.

I shove him. “Kade, wake up!”

Kade stirs. He sits up fast and shakes his head. His eyes open sleepily. “What? Who’s there?”

“Beau’s audition!”

Beau gets dressed. He runs to our bathroom.

“Shit!” Kade jumps up. “What time is it?”

I run down the hall to my bedroom. I put on jeans and boots, an undershirt, and I don’t bother with anything else.

Kade hurries to get dressed, so fast he puts on gym shorts with a bright red sweater. “Beau?” He looks in the bathroom. “Beau, what are you doing?!”

I join them in the bathroom doorway.

Beau stands before the mirror trying to get a stubborn strand of his hair to go one way. “I have to get it right,” he says. “Damn it, everything has to be perfect!”

Kade and I look at one another. Then Kade puts his arm around Beau and does something I never thought I’d see Kade do. He speaks calmly.

“Beau,” Kade says. “Beau, look at me. Breathe. Breathe.”

Beau won’t slow down. He buries his face into his hands. He breathes fast and hard.

Kade turns Beau’s body to face him. “Beau, baby? Look at me.” He makes him lower his hands. “Look at me. You look fine. You look more than fine. You look fucking handsome like always. The prettiest guy that will audition today, or ever.”

I’m taken aback. I’m speechless, watching Kade like I’ve never seen him before. His voice is soft, soothing. He makes even me feel less nervous for Beau.

“Beau,” Kade says. “Just breathe. Breathe. Think about what you like. Your favorite season. Fall? Right? Think about fall, Beau. Think about autumn. Leaves and cold air.”

Beau stops breathing so fast. His body stops shaking.

“You can do this, Beau,” Kade says gently. “We know you can do this.”

Beau sighs. He looks at his watch. “Guys, there’s only thirty minutes until my audition. There’s no way I can fight my way through the streets to get there.”

I stand up straight. There’s a sudden surge of adrenaline and fight pumping through me. “Then let us fight for you.”

KADE

Lucan is a damn madman like I’ve never seen him! Holy Fuck! He’s got Beau’s hand in his, and he barrels through the crowds of the street like a freight train.

“Move!” Lucan calls out. “Out of the way!”

Beau runs behind him. I run behind Beau. Together, we charge our path to the subway station. We wait anxiously for the train.

Beau looks at Lucan, and he grins. He speaks through heavy pants after running, “Lucan, this is, so unlike you.”

“I’ll say.” I slap Lucan’s shoulder. “I’ve never heard you be so loud.” I lean closer. “Unless you’re inside Beau.”

Lucan fights back a smile, keeping head down and tries to stay focused. But his cheeks turn a shade of happy red.

The train barrels down the tracks and stops before us. A stuck-up man in a suit tries to barge his way past us.

Lucan snatches the man away from the subway car doors. “Hey, watch it! He’s first.”

Beau, a surprised smile on his face, steps onto the car. Lucan and I follow.

“Lucan, you’re out of control,” I tell him with a smirk. “Fighting strangers?”

Lucan sneaks his arm around Beau’s waist for a moment. “I have someone to fight for now.”

Beau’s eyes light up. As he looks at us both, I’ve never seen him look happier.

We race out of the subway station and to the audition hall, barreling through strangers. We burst inside and sprint to the doors of

the auditorium.

Beau can hardly breathe again. “I can’t do this! I can’t!”

I grab his shoulders, look him in his pretty eyes. “Beau, yes you can. Look at me. You’re the most talented man I know. You’ve got this.”

Lucan puts his arm around Beau. “He’s right, Beau. You’re gonna blow them away.”

Beau takes a deep breath. He nods. “Okay, time to do it.” He heads for the doors, but he turns around and hurries back to us. He grabs each of us and kisses us. “Thank you guys.”

Lucan and I stand still, our faces red and a glazed expression over each our eyes. There he goes, Beau, our little twerp, that we’ve fallen hopelessly for.

BEAU

My hair a mess, my clothes just thrown on, I’ve never felt more disheveled as I walk into the auditorium.

The judges wait at the front.

I climb nervously onto the stage.

“Me DeLace,” a judge says. “We thought you might not be showing up.”

“No, I’m here.” My hands are shaking so bad I’m worried I won’t be able to hit one right key on the piano.

“Very well,” she says. “Please begin.”

I sit at the piano in the center of the stage. It feels like the world may crumble on top of me.

I close my eyes. I see Lucan and Kade. And suddenly everything feels better. I calm down.

I put my fingers on the keys. I take a deep breath. I let myself go. And I play.

~

My heart pounds. I’ve never played better. I’ve never struck the piano keys harder of let the music fly with the kind of bravado of the famous composers I’ve dreamed of becoming. I’m sailing when I back away from the piano, the last bits of the notes echoing through the

auditorium.

The judges are speechless, but the response is in their eyes. Wide and even a little teary, they stare back at me. “Welcome to Julliard,” she tells me.

“Thank you,” I utter. I’m so happy I could cry. And the first ones I want to tell? The two handsome studs waiting outside the auditorium doors for me.

I burst through the doors. “I made it!” I run to Kade and Lucan before they say a word. I grab them and pull them close. “I made it, and it’s all because of you guys.” I kiss their cheeks. I kiss their lips. They kiss me back. It’s the three of us, together, happier than any of us have ever been.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

~

BEAU

Kade and Lucan take me for a walk through the city. We stare out at the Hudson River at the edge of running trail near Oxford Park. If I look far enough I can see the start of the ocean. “It’s beautiful out here,” I tell them.

“Yeah, it is,” Kade answers.

“It always is,” Lucan says.

We stare out at the water, and we don’t say a word.

“So,” I say, “what now?”

Lucan leans against the railing at the side of the running path. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, us.” I’m almost afraid to ask. “What about us? The three of us? Where do we go from here?”

Kade looks down. “Well, I guess now that you’re accepted into Julliard you don’t need our apartment anymore, right?”

“Sure,” I say. I bite my lip. “But it’d be a shame to let that new bedroom go to waste.”

I see Kade smile.

Lucan moves a little closer to me. “And you *will* need a place to stay while you’re in New York. It’d be cheaper at our place than on your own.”

Kade smiles. “And we could use a houseboy.” He flashes me that smile. “So, what do you think, Beau? Are you staying?”

I hesitate. I look back and forth between them. “Guys, what if things don’t work out? What if we end up fighting again? What about boxing?”

Lucan turns to me. “Beau, stop it. We’re not going to give up boxing. And couples fight, that’s just what they do. If we don’t try for this, well, I don’t about you guys, but I’ll regret it for the rest of my life.”

Kade takes a deep breath. “Me, too, Beau. I want this.”

I take a moment to think about it. I raise my eyebrows. “Couple?”

Kade nods. “If you want to be. Although, there’s three of us. So, we’d be a, triple?”

I laugh, lowering my head and feeling shy. “Yeah, I guess so.”

Lucan puts his fingers under my chin and raises my face. He looks me in the eyes. “So, what do you say, Beau? Are you staying?”

I look at Lucan. I look at Kade. “Yeah, I’ll stay.” My heart starts to

beat quicker.

Lucan kisses my lips. Kade turns my face to his and kisses me. “Come on, I’m starving,” Kade says.

“Me, too.” Lucan puts his arm around my shoulder, and the three of us begin walking. “Where should we eat?”

“How about pizza?” I suggest.

“Sounds great,” Kade says. “Beau, I got a feeling you won’t be needing your bedroom too often.” He winks at me.

Lucan pulls me closer. “I feel that way too, Beau.”

My cheeks are red I’m so happy. I never thought it would turn out like this, walking in between Kade and Lucan on our way into our new life together. A small-town guy, now in New York and living a life I never even dreamed of. I smile at them. “Me too, guys. Me, too.”